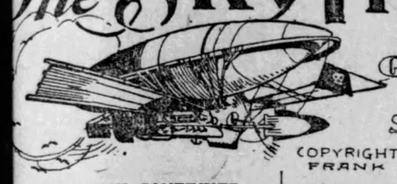
THE GREATEST National Weekly Newspaper IN THE UNITED STATES

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

CIRCULATION OVER 200,000 EACH WEEK
SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1910. SEVENTY-FIFTH YEAR. NO. 35.

The Sky Pirate



BY GARRETT P. SERVISS

COPYRIGHT 1909, THE FRANK A MUNSEY COMPANY

CHAPTER IV. CONTINUED

"Oh, go, by all means," she said. "We shall get along very well in this delightful place, provided," she added archly, "that that bear doesn't come this way."

"No fear," said Payton, laughing, and secretly rejoicing to see how well everything played into his hands. "Bears never venture near the lodge after they would do you no harm if they did. Besides, there are plenty of guns here, and I think you intimated that you know how to use them. Then there is Indian John, who is a dead shot, to say nothing of Mrs. Williams, the two chambermaids and the waiters. So you will have a prison capable of withstanding a regular siege by the bears. Let's take breakfast and I will give orders to have the aero made ready in the meantime."

As soon as the breakfast was finished Payton took his leave; and the boy, rising gracefully, floated off over the trees and disappeared.

Miss Grayman was now filled with peaceable anticipation. In a few hours she was sure that she should see her father. Payton had said that he could reach Pettytown in an hour and a half, and that probably two or three hours would suffice for the repairs. Allowing an hour and a half for the return, they ought to be at the lodge not long after noon.

It would only be necessary for her to pass the forenoon as pleasantly as possible, and what better beginning could there be than another trip on the water?

After her successful experiment under Payton's tutelage, Miss Grayman felt that she could paddle the canoe well enough, and, accordingly, after having had enjoyed for an hour the scene from the veranda, she and Susan embarked. Mrs. Williams ran down to the landing, offering to take the paddle, or to send for Indian John, but Miss Grayman declined all assistance. When they had entered the inlet, and were out of view of the lodge, Miss Grayman turned to the shore. Here they disembarked in a delightful little cove, overhung with pendulous branches, beside an enormous, lichen-covered rock, which she had noticed and admired during their former trip. Here they sat down on the sweet-scented moss and chatted.

"I'd like to know where Pettytown is," said Miss Grayman. "I never heard of the place before. If it had been a familiar name I might have guessed whereabouts we are. I suppose it is some little backwoods town. Commodore Brown said he would go there in an hour and a half, and I suppose that means that it is at least a hundred and fifty miles away." "May be it was the town we saw yesterday," suggested Susan.

"Yes, I thought of that, but that is farther away. And even if that were the place, it wouldn't help any, for I don't know in what part of the old Pettytown is."

"Good lordy, Miss Helen, we can't be in some foreign country, can we?" Of course not. We're somewhere in New York state, I think, and I am inclined to believe that it is the Adirondacks. But what's the use of guessing? We shall know in a few hours. Let's take a stroll; there seems to be a kind of path here; perhaps we shall discover something interesting."

"But it might have been made by a bear," said Susan in alarm.

"Oh, I'm not much afraid of bears. Commodore Brown said that they were not dangerous. Indeed, I'd really like to see one. The bears in the zoological gardens never interested me, for there it's different—here where they live. And, just think, we may see a deer! Come on, and don't be afraid. I'll go ahead."

Suddenly, as they entered a little inclosure where the ground was more open, a curious noise drew their startled eyes to a huge animal, which stood regarding them. Its height was prodigious, and its huge, long-necked head was crowned with enormous horns. Its eyes glared as it stepped fiercely with its forefoot.

"I believe it's a moose," whispered Miss Grayman, "and I've heard that they are dangerous."

The one certainly looked dangerous, and the girls were petrified with fear as it advanced a few steps toward them. They stood fast, simply because they were unable to move a muscle. The animal stamped savagely again, glared at them for a moment and then, apparently changing its mind, turned and trotted awkwardly away, until it had disappeared in the forest."

"Oh, do let's go back," said Susan, shivering with fright. "What an awful beast!"

But Miss Grayman's courage had returned with the disappearance of the creature, and she insisted upon pushing on a little farther.

"Look! There yonder are some beautiful red flowers," she said, "and I want to have them. Don't you see the animals are not dangerous after all? Come, and we'll turn back as soon as I get the flowers."

Then they reached the spot that they had indicated they saw ahead another comparatively open place, and hesitatingly Miss Grayman exclaimed: "What in the world does that mean, I wonder?"

"I don't see anything, said Susan, trembling. "Is it another beast?"

"Beast! No, you goose! But don't you see that somebody has been digging here? And there's a pickaxe; at least that's what I think they call it." She pointed to a spot under a great rock where the ground had been dug up. The work was either very slight, or unfinished, and, as she had spoken, a pickaxe leaned against the trunk of the tree.

"We must see what it is," said Miss Grayman, her curiosity singularly quickened.

But at this moment a crackling in the bushes sounded behind them. Greatly startled, they stopped in their tracks and looked fearfully around. Nothing was in sight, but the sounds became louder and nearer.

"Oh, good Lord!" cried Susan, nearly sinking to the ground. "That terrible beast has been circling round and round, going to run at us again!"

Miss Grayman felt her courage also ebbing away, and she became almost as much with terror as Susan was. They could only fix their eyes in the direction of the sounds; and in another minute, to their surprise, but partial relief, Indian John appeared, running toward them and waving his hands as a warning.

"Go!" he exclaimed in a guttural voice, and with a look that was by no means reassuring. "Must not come here. Big bears here! Eat you!"

"But we have seen no bears," said Miss Grayman, recovering her self-command, "and Commodore Brown said that they were not dangerous. We've seen a moose, I believe."

"Yes, moose bad, too, and bears—both much bad. Some bears not bad, but these ones eat you! Must go back!"

As he spoke, he laid his brown hand on Miss Grayman's shoulder. Indignantly, she shook it off. A placating smile came over the Indian's features, but he continued his insistence, and, finally placing himself in front of the girls, pushed them back.

"Must go!" he repeated. "Can't stay here. Much danger. Much bear. Go, quick!"

But Miss Grayman's curiosity had been too thoroughly aroused to permit her to yield immediately, and, looking the Indian squarely in the eyes, she said: "I shall tell Commodore Brown how you treat us. I don't believe there is any danger. What have they been digging here for if there is danger?"

Indian John's face assumed a most menacing expression, and he exclaimed fiercely: "Go! go!"

He no longer hesitated to lay his hands upon them, and they were powerless in his grasp. Besides, his mere look now terrified them.

As he hurried them along, he suddenly asked: "What here for?"

"Oh, I have only been gathering flowers," replied Miss Grayman now desirous of pacifying him. "Look at them," and she showed those that she had collected.

The Indian scarcely glanced at them. "Plenty flowers," he said, "near lodge. Dangerous to come here. Bad bears!"

Then he urged them on still faster. But he did not take them back the way they had come. He made a detour, and they saw nothing of the swamp; and before they were aware of their approach to the stream, they found themselves beside the canoe, Indian John unceremoniously pushed them in, and, without another word took the paddle and carried them swiftly back to the lodge.

Mrs. Williams hurried down to meet them, while the two women stood in the kitchen door, curiously regarding them.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "I have been so alarmed on your account! Indian John came and told me that he had seen the canoe on the shore of the creek, and your tracks leading off into the wilderness. I was so afraid that you would be lost, and the bears back in the woods are very dangerous. I sent him, after you as fast as he could run. I'm so glad that you're back safe."

"Indian John has been very rude," said Miss Grayman.

"But please, Miss Grayman, don't blame him," protested Mrs. Williams. "He is only an Indian, and he was acting under orders that were intended for your safety. Dear me! If you had been killed, what should I have said when Commodore Brown and his friends returned?"

The good lady actually shed a few tears at this terrible thought. But she was not so perfect a dissembler as her master, and Miss Grayman still had doubts. Her suspicions, once aroused, were not to be so easily put aside.

"What are they digging out there in the woods for?" she asked.

Mrs. Williams was not adroit enough to conceal the startled look that flashed over her face, but in a moment she said, with assumed concern: "Why, Miss Grayman! Did you get as far as that? It's the place where they've been burying the carcass of an immense bear that one of the men shot the day before yesterday; the skin is in the drying shed now. Indeed, you were in danger! I was surprised this morning when I heard Cap—Commodore Brown tell you the bears were not dangerous. Some of them that occasionally come near the lodge, have grown to be partly tame, but back in the woods—mercy me! They are awful! I'm sure he was only trying to make you feel that you were safe here—and so, to be sure, you are—but if he had imagined that you would go wandering off like that he never would have said so foolish a thing.

Miss Grayman only tossed her head. She was getting more and more suspicious, and yet, without any definite ground that she could explain to herself. Why should the fact that somebody had been digging in the woods concern her? She couldn't help thinking about it. It was a strange place for such a thing to be. If she had known what that digging meant! She did not even guess, and yet her woman's instinct had warned her that something wrong lurked there.

Her quick ear had also caught Mrs. Williams' slip of the tongue, when she had started to say "Captain" instead of "Commodore," and now that stuck in her thoughts.

"Come," she said to Susan; "we'll go to our rooms where we shall be safe, since the forest is so dangerous."

And, without another word, she left the crestfallen Mrs. Williams and ascended to her apartments. Once there, she sat down and tried to think it out. Why had she been so disturbed in mind? She couldn't tell; it was all too confused and indefinite. If she had been able to act at once, she would probably have left the place; but that was impossible. Then, as usually happens, the longer she reasoned on insufficient and uncertain data, the less clear became her impression, and she ended by concluding that she had been exciting herself about nothing.

After all Mrs. Williams' explanation about the dead bear sounded reasonable; and what did it signify if they had been digging a hole in the woods? Then the thought of her friends recurred, and she glanced at her watch. It was after 1 o'clock.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "They ought to be here now. They may arrive at any moment." And she threw open the window. But her watching was in vain; and in a little while Mrs. Williams knocked at her door and announced that the midday meal was on the table. Mrs. Williams kept them company in the dining room, and tried to make herself agreeable.

"It must be a great strain on your patience that they don't come," she said, "and it is dreadfully annoying. But sometimes, when an aero breaks down it takes a long time for repairs. Commodore Brown" (she pronounced the name very distinctly this time) "had an accident happen to the Chameleon a few weeks ago, and they were two days fixing it up."

"Indeed," said Miss Grayman, "I hope they won't be so long this time. But tell me, why do they call the aero the Chameleon? It's a queer name, and yet it seems to me I have heard it before."

"I don't know, really," replied Mrs. Williams, a shade of anxiety flitting across her face, while she thought to herself: "What a fool I have been."

Then she continued quickly: "Commodore Brown is a very romantic man, full of the most beautiful ideas. I suppose it was one of his fancies. You should see what delightful friends he has who come here—ladies and gentlemen—and I tell you they make the place gay."

Miss Grayman's suspicions were lulled again, and they finished the meal in good spirits; for Mrs. Williams, circling around the table, and ordering all sorts of dainties for Miss Grayman, proved herself, at the same time, almost as entertaining a story teller as Payton himself.

But in the afternoon trouble came again. Weary of waiting, Miss Grayman had proposed to Susan another trip in the canoe. But to her intense displeasure, Mrs. Williams insisted that either she or Indian John should take the paddle.

"But I can paddle myself, as you very well know," said Miss Grayman.

"Yes," was the reply, "but there is always danger—great danger. Really, my dear Miss Grayman, I reproach myself continually for having allowed you to venture alone this morning. I couldn't endure so much anxiety again. And it wouldn't be right! I shouldn't be doing my duty either by you or by Commodore Brown, who has left you in my care."

"Very well," returned Miss Grayman, with dignity. "If I am a prisoner, I suppose, at least, that I can safely be trusted in my room."

And she walked back to the lodge, followed by Susan, and went straight upstairs.

"Please don't be offended," protested Mrs. Williams, following them to the door. "I only—"

But the door was shut in her face, and then Miss Grayman threw herself into a chair and, girl-like, began to cry.

Yet, poor child, even now she did not comprehend that she was a prisoner!

CHAPTER V.

The Police Play Their Hand.

It would be an indictment of the reader's perspicacity to inform him that Payton's story about the breaking down of an imaginary aero, and the call to him for aid, was a pure invention. He had written the pretended dispatch, and given it to his man to be handed to him in Miss Grayman's presence, because he wished to keep up the delusion about her friends. He always made a point of humoring or deluding his prisoners as long as he could. It was no trouble to him, with his talents for dissimulation. It did not disturb his conscience. It made things run more smoothly.

It will be remembered that Payton, in his wireless telephone conversation with Mr. Grayman, had appointed a rendezvous for the second day after that of the discovery of the abduction.

He had no intention of completing the transaction at that meeting, if meeting there should be. As he had said, he would arrange for the payment of the ransom and the surrender of the prisoner to take place elsewhere. That was an invariable feature of Payton's system, which served to baffle those who sought to trap him.

His first concern was to get a meeting with the person who was to pay. If he succeeded in that, he depended on twenty things to aid him in the subsequent negotiations, his extraordinary cunning and his impressive personality playing the principal parts. It was seldom that he failed, and sometimes he almost cajoled his victims out of their money. But he never failed to keep his agreements, and to surrender the prisoners upon the payment of the ransom.

This time he felt that he had a job of extraordinary difficulty on his hands; but he possessed the most complete self-confidence, and was troubled by no personal timidity, although his caution exceeded that of the wiliest fox.

He knew the character of William Grayman, and his extreme fondness for his daughter. Of course this last was his best lever. Yet his demand for ten million dollars was so enormous that he knew it would require all of his matchless dexterity in managing men, and in mastering events, to enable him to get the money.

To begin with, it was, on its face, a thing of extreme improbability that the famous billionaire, whose shrewdness was a byword, would trust himself in the hands of an outlaw.

It was also perfectly certain that Grayman would call in the aid of the police. That, however, did not trouble Payton. He had uttered no vain boast when he said that nobody had ever succeeded in running him down, and he had the most excellent reasons for his belief that nobody ever would. The only question in his mind was whether Grayman would go to the rendezvous at all.

Any other man than Payton would have assumed, without arguing the matter, that Grayman would not go. But Payton was a master reader of human nature. He know that Grayman could not leave things as they were; he must rescue his daughter.

Moreover, he knew that it was Grayman's lifelong habit not to intrust delicate affairs to others. He always looked after them personally, having no confidence in agents. The character of his business had stamped this upon his soul.

Payton had studied every tone and shade of meaning in the billionaire's replies during their conversation, and he was satisfied that the latter would be driven by the workings of his own mind, no less than by the circumstances of the case, to take personal charge of the affair. So he set out in the Chameleon for Tribes Hill, very confident that Mr. Grayman would be there—whatever company he might have. In regard to this, Payton had means of knowledge, the nature of which will appear later.

Tribes Hill, a place famous in Indian tradition, lies in the old Mohawk territory in Montgomery county, New York. The distance between this place and Payton's lodge was far greater than the reader probably imagines. If Miss Grayman had known where she really was, the scales would long before have dropped from her eyes. But though the distance was great, Payton had plenty of time at his disposal—and, indeed, time to spare, for the Chameleon was one of the swiftest cracks afly, and could, under pressure, make a hundred and forty miles an hour. There were few aeros at that time which could keep within sight of her.

So he set out at a leisurely gait, putting the flier in trim for either fighting or running away, as occasion might require.

Nor was Payton mistaken in his reasonings about what Mr. Grayman would do. The New York commissioner had gone to work with great energy upon his problem, and here is the result of his cogitation, as he reported it to Mr. Grayman, twenty-four hours after their first conference. "Mr. Grayman," he said, wearing a satisfied smile as he entered the billionaire's sanctum, "I think that the Sky Pirate has carried his pitcher once too often to the fountain in venturing into New York. I believe that we shall get him."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Grayman testify. "You seem to have changed your mind. What's your plan?"

"It's just this," said the commissioner. "I have been with four of my men to Tribes Hill to look over the ground. Payton has been cunning, I must allow, but he has not hitherto had to deal with the metropolitan police. The bluff where he has promised to meet you is bare and unapproachable except under Payton's eyes. But there are woods not far off——"

"Wait a moment," said the billionaire. "You seem to be assuming that I am fool enough to put myself into his grasp. You speak of his meeting me. It is you that he must meet."

The commissioner sat down and assumed a more confidential tone.

"Mr. Grayman," he said, "if you do not go, nothing can be done. No makeup to represent you would deceive this fellow. All of these kidnapers are too sharp for that, and he above all. If you are not willing to go, I shall have to throw up the job."

Mr. Grayman made no immediate reply, but sat meditating. "It is true," he said at last, "that I have never allowed an affair of this importance to be conducted without my personal presence. But could I not be concealed somewhere near?"

"Impossible! You must be there openly, or not at all. But let me assure you that you have nothing to fear. We can protect you."

"Suppose he should attempt to run away with me also! Do you know what that means?"

"I know perfectly well, Mr. Grayman, the importance of your person. But in the case, you would have nothing to fear. Payton would never dream of running away with you. What would he gain by that, supposing he could do it with me and my men there ready to interfere? Nothing whatever. It would be the ruin of his negotiation."

"Suppose he should kill me?"

"Worse and worse! In killing you, he would kill all his chances for a ransom."

Mr. Grayman meditated again for a few moments.

"Well," he said, "perhaps you are right. But, come, tell me your plan, and then I'll see."

"As I was just telling you," resumed the commissioner, "there are woods not far from the bluff in which men and aeros can be concealed. Now my plan is to take four swift police department fliers and hide them in those woods. Moreover, I shall have a dozen sharpshooters concealed in the tree tops, and at the first sign of treachery they will drop him. In fact, I am disposed to have the shooting done first off.

"Payton has long since been outlawed, and no question would ever arise if he were killed on sight. I know what he will do. He will drop down over the bluff in his aero and keep it hovering near during his conference with you. Then, when you have him engaged in talk, my men, at a signal, will drop him in his tracks."

"Hold on!" said Mr. Grayman. "You are going too fast, now. If you kill Payton how are we going to find my daughter?"

"By capturing the Chameleon and compelling his men to reveal his hiding places."

"But perhaps they won't talk."

"We have means of making men talk," said the commissioner grimly.

"Perhaps you have, but I don't like that part of the plan. It is too dangerous for my daughter. She would be killed for vengeance. But the aeros are good. Go on with that part of the scheme, keeping your sharpshooters for an emergency. But why not take more aeros? How many has the police department?"

To Be Continued.

"IF THEY WANT A FIGHT THEY CAN GET IT."

SNAPSHOT OF COL. ROOSEVELT DISCUSSING THE NEW YORK SITUATION WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

RAILROADS BECOME SAFER WITH PASSING OF YEARS

It has been the general impression of the American people that railroad accidents are of more frequent occurrence in this country than elsewhere in the world. So recent, as three years ago — that is, for the year ended June 30, 1907 — this was indeed the case, more than 600 passengers having been killed and more than 13,000 injured in a twelvemonth. Now, however, comes the surprising and gratifying statement from the Bureau of Railway News and Statistics that "never nefere in the history of railways has such a record for comparative safety been made as that recorded of American railways during the year ended June 30, 1909."

The showing is almost incredible, says the Philadelphia Press. Of the 368 companies which reported to the bureau no less than 347, operating 159,657 miles of road and carrying 570,617,563 passengers, went through the year without a single fatality to a passenger in a train accident. Ten of the remaining companies, operating over 27,000 miles and carrying over 185,000,000 passengers, barely missed entire immunity by a single fatality each. The immune roads cover every section of the country, from Maine to California, and include not only the little branch lines of 10 miles or so of track, but some of the great systems operating more than 7,000 miles. The record represents a mileage nearly seven times that of all British roads and equals the aggregate of all Europe, excluding Russia.

The bureau report contains this impressive reflection:

"What immunity to fatalities to passengers over such a vast mileage means may be partly realized from the fact that only twice in half a century has it occurred on the 23,000 miles of British railways, and never to the writer's knowledge, so far as railway statistics reveal, on the railways of any of the great divisions of Europe. Certainly it has never occurred on the aggregate railways of Europe. It would take seven consecutive years of immunity from fatalities to passengers in train accidents on British railways to equal this phenomenal record of American roads.

"The railroads of the country, as well as their patrons, are to be congratulated upon this happy and surprising exhibit. The Pennsylvania railroad announces that in the two years ended December 31 last only one passenger was killed in a train accident, though the number of passengers carried was 299,762,658. This record is that of the whole Pennsylvania system, embracing 11,180 miles. This comparative immunity fro mfatalities is proof of an augmented care in management, and is an economic triumph, for in safeguarding the lives of its passengers and encouraging a sense of security among travelers a railway company is at the same time protecting its property, curtailing casualty expenses and developing new business."

NO MORE WHISKY ADVERTISEMENTS

THE present week's issue of this paper goes to press without whisky advertisements. Conspicuous attention is given to this circumstance because it signifies the end of this class of advertising in the pages of The Weekly Blade. Its columns are now closed against the exploitation of all distilled liquors.

This determination is not of spasmodic origin. It has been contemplated for some time, but there were obstacles, in the form of unexpired contracts, in the way. Commercial integrity had to be maintained. These contracts have expired and their expiration marks the end of liquor advertisements in Blade columns. The elimination is complete.

This stand on the part of the publishers means a considerable loss in revenue, but however great the sacrifice, there is the conscientious satisfaction that it has been made in behalf of consistency. The Blade's position on the side of temperance is of long-standing, and is wall known to its readers.

There has been no general demand on the part of patrons to have the publishers take this step, but it is desired to keep the pages of The Blade clean and wholesome, in consonance with the general character of the paper's clientele. Blade readers compose a widely scattered family. They inhabit every state and territory in the Union; they occupy modest but happy homes in the small towns and agricultural communities; they are out in the sunshine of the farms—they live close to nature, and therefore close to truth.

The Blade family numbers nearly a quarter of a million people. They cannot all think alike, but they think clean thoughts. It is this class of people The Blade is trying to serve to the best of its ability. In thousands of letters direct to the publishing office readers have said The Blade is their favorite—the most gratifying thing that can come to a newspaper. The best response the publishers can make is to do all that can be done honestly to please the greatest number of patrons. This The Blade will do.

Half a Chance

BY FREDERIC S. ISHAM

COPYRIGHT 1909, THE BOBBS MERRILL CO

CHAPTER XIV. CONTINUED

Something fell from the velvet covering in her hand and struck with a musical sound on the hard, polished top. Amid a turmoil of thoughts, she vaguely aware of it gleaming there on the cold white marble, a small disk—a gold coin. At first it seemed only to catch without interesting her glance; then slowly she took it, as if asking herself how it came there, on her handkerchief, which, she dimly remembered, had been lying on the floor. Some one, of course, must have picked up the handkerchief; but no one had been in the room since she had noticed it except—

Her gaze swung to the window; he, then, had left it. Why? What had she to do with anything that had been his?

More closely she scrutinized it, the shining disk on her rosy palm; a King George gold piece! Above the monarch's face and head with its flowing locks, appeared a tiny hole, as if some one had once worn it; beneath, just discernible, was the date, 1762. She continued to regard it; then looked again at the bit of velvet, near-by. It had been wrapped in that, carefully; for what reason? Like something more than what it seemed—a mere gold piece!

"1762." Why, even as she gazed at the cloth, felt it, did the figures seem to reiterate themselves in her brain? "1762." There could be nothing especially significant about the date; yet even as she concluded thus, by some introspective process she saw herself bending over, studying those figures on another occasion. Herself—and yet—

She was looking straight before her now; suddenly she started and sprang up. "A King George gold piece!" Her hair, unbound, fell around her, below her waist; her eyes like sapphires, gazed out from a veriable shimmer of gold. "Date—" She paused. "Why, this belonged to me once, as a child, and I—"

The blue eyes seemed searching—searching; abruptely she found what she sought. "I gave it to the convict on the Lord Nelson." She almost whispered the words. "The brave, brave fellow who sacrificed his life for mine." Her warm fingers closed softly on the coin; she seemed wrapped in the picture thus recalled.

"Then how—" Her brows knitted, she swept the shining hair from her face. "If he were drowned, how could it have been left here by—" Her eyes were dark now with excitement. "Him? Him?" she repeated. "Unless," her breast suddenly heaved—"he was not drowned after all; he—"

A sudden shot from the park rang out; the coin fell from the girl's hand; other shots followed. She ran out upon the balcony, a stifled cry on her lips; she stared off, but only the darkness met her gaze.

CHAPTER XV.

Not far from one of the entrances to Regent's Park or the hum of Camden Town's main artery of traffic, lay a little winding street which, because of its curving lines, had long been known as Spiral Row. Although many would not deign in passing to glance twice down this modest thoroughfare, it presented, nevertheless, a romantic air of charm and mystery. The houses nestled timidly behind time-worn walls; it was always very quiet within this limited precinct, and one wondered sometimes, by day, if the various secluded abodes were really inhabited, and by whom? An actress, said vague rumor; a few scribblers, a pair of painters, a military man or two. Here Madam Grundy never ventured, but Calliope and the tuneful nine were understood to be occasional callers. One who once lived in the Row has likened it to a tiny Utopia where each and every one minded his own business and where the comings and goings of one's neighbors were matters of indifference.

Into this delectable byway there turned, late in the night of the second day after that memorable evening at Strathorn House, a man who, looking quickly around him, paused before the closed gate of one of the dwellings. The street, ever a quiet one, appeared at that advanced hour absolutely deserted, and, after a moment's hesitation, the man pulled the bell; for some time he waited; but no response came. He looked in; through the shrubbery he could dimly make out the house, set well back, and in a half uncertain way he stood staring at it, when from the end of the street he heard a vehicle coming rapidly toward him.

More firmly the man jerked at the handle of the bell; this time his efforts were successful; a glimmer as from a candle appeared at the front door, and a few minutes later a dark form came slowly down the graveled walk. As it approached the vehicle also drew nearer; the man regarded the later sidewise; now it was opposite him, and he turned his back quickly to the flare of its lamps. But in a moment it had whirled by, with a note of laughter from its occupants, light pleasure seekers; at the same time a key turned in a lock and the gate swung open.

"Good evening, Dennis," said the caller. The faint gleam of the candle revealed the drowsy and unmistakably Celtic face of him he addressed, a man past middle age, who regarded the newcomer with a look of recognition. "I'm afraid I've interrupted your slumbers. This is rather a late hour at which to arirve."

"No matter, sir. Sure and I sat up expecting you, Mr. Steele, until after midnight, and had only just turned in when—"

"What—?" The newcomer, now fairly within the garden, could not suppress a start of surprise, which, however, the other, engaged in relocking the gate, did not appear to notice. "Expecting—?"

"Although I'd given up thinking you'd be here tonight," the latter went on. "But won't you be stepping in, sir?"

The other silently followed, walking in the manner of one tired and worn; he did not, however, at that moment seem concerned with fatigue or physical discomfort; the uncertain light of the candle before him showed his brows drawn, his eyes questioning, as if something had happened to cause him to think deeply, doubtfully. At the door the servant stood aside to allow him to enter; then ushered him into a fairly commodious and comfortable sitting-room.

"My master did not come back with you, sir, from Strathorn House?"

"No; Captain Forsythe's gone to Germany."

"To attend some court, I suppose. Sure, 'tis a dale he has done of that, Mr. Steele, after the both of us were wounded by those black devils in India and retired from active service." The servant's voice had an inquiring accent; his glance rested now in some surprise on the newcomer's garments—a gamekeeper's well-worn coat and cap—and on the dusty, almost shabby-looking shoes.

"A wager," said John Steele, noting the old orderly's expression. "From Strathorn House to London by foot, within a given time, don't you know; fell in with some rough customers last night who thought my coat and hat better than these."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but—" The man's apprehensive look fastened itself on a dark stain on the coat, near the shoulder.

"Just winged me—a scratch," replied John Steele with an indifferent shrug, sinking into a chair near the fire which burned low.

"It's lucky you came off no worse, sir, and you'll be finding a change of garments upstairs; I put them out for you myself—"

"I'm afraid, Dennis, I'm rather large for your master's clothes," was the visitor's reply in a voice that he strove vainly to make light.

"Sure, they're your own, sir." The other looked up quickly. "I'll get everything ready for a bath, and if you've a mind for anything to eat afterward—"

"I think I'll have a little of the last, first," said the visitor slowly.

"Right you are, sir. You do look a bit done up, sir," sympathetically, "but there's a veal and 'ammer in the cupboard that will soon make you fit."

"One moment, Dennis," John Steele leaned back; the dying embers revealed a haggard face; his eyes half closed as if from lack of sleep but immediately opened again. "You spoke of expecting me; how," he stretched out his legs, "did you know—?"

"Sure, sir, by your luggage; it arrived with my master's heavier boxes that he didn't take along with him over the wather." The listener did not stir; was he too weary to experience suprise or even deeper emotion?

His luggage there!—where no one knew—could have known, he was going! The place he had selected, under what he had considered propitious circumstances, as a haven, a refuge; where he might find himself for a brief period comparatively safe, could he reach it, turn in, without being detected! This last he believed he had successfully accomplished; and then to be told by the man— All John Steele's excuses for coming in this unceremonious fashion that he had planned to put the servant of Captain Forsythe were at this moment forgotten. Who could have guessed that he would make his way straight hither—or had any one? An enemy, divining a lurking place for which he was heading, would not have obligingly forwarded his belongings. What then? Had Joselyn Wray ordered them sent on with Captain Forsythe's boxes and bags, in order that they might be less likely to fall into the hands of the police?

This line of reasoning seemed to lead into most unwonted channels; it was not probable she would concern herself so much further about a common fugitive. The cut and bruised fingers of the man before the fireplace linked and unlinked; an indefinable feeling of new dangers he had not calculated on assailed him. Suppose the police should have learned—should elect to trace, those articles of his? It was a contingency, a hazard to be considered; he knew that every possible effort would be made to find him; that if his antagonists were eager before, they would embark on the present quest with redoubled zeal. He had been in their hands and got away; disappointment would drive them more fiercely on to employ every expedient. They might even now be at the gate; at the moment, however, he felt as if he hardly cared, only that he was very tired, too exhausted to move on. His exertions of the last few days had been of no ordinary kind; his shoulder was stiff and it pained.

"Here you are, sir." The servant had entered and re-entered, had set the table without the man in the armchair being conscious of his coming and going. "Remembered my master inviting you once, when you were here, to pitch your camp at Rosemary Villa any time you should be after yearning for that quietood essential for literary composition and to windin' up the campaign on your book. So when I saw your luggage—"

"Exactly." It was curious the man should have spoken thus, should have voiced one of the very subterfuges Steele had had in mind himself to utter, to show pretext for his too abrupt appearance. But now—?

The situation was changed; yet he felt too exhausted to disavow the servant's conclusion. Certainly the episode of the luggage had made his task easier at this point; only, however, to enhance the greater hazards, as if fate were again laughing at him, offering him too much ease, too great comfort, seeking to allure him with a false estimate of his security. As he ate, mechanically, but with the zest of one who had long fasted, he listened; again a vehicle went by, then another.

"Rather liveller than usual tonight?" he observed, and received an affirmative answer. Some evenings now, you'd hardly ever hear anything passing from sunset to sunrise and find it as quiet as the tomb.

Who lived on the right, on the left? The visitor asked several questions casually; the house to the right, the man thought, might be vacant; no one appeared to live in it very long. At least the moving van seemed to have acquired a habit of stopping there; the one on the left had a more stable tenant; a lady who appeared in the pantomime, or the opera, he wasn't sure which,—only, foreign people sometimes went in and out.

John Steele rose with an effort; no, there was nothing more to be required except rest! Which room would he prefer, he was asked when he found himself on the upper landing; the man had put his things in the front chamber, but the back one was larger. John Steele forced himself to consider; he even inspected both of the rooms; that on the front floor had one window facing the Row; the second chamber looked out over a rear wall separating the vegetable garden of Rosemary Villa from the shrub-adorned confines of a place which fronted on the next street.

The visitor decided on the former chamber; he carefully closed the blinds and drew across the window the dark, heavy curtains. This would answer very well; excellent accommodations for a man whose own chambers in the city were now in the hands of renovators—the painters, the paper hangers, the plumbers. And the back room? He paused, as if considering the servant's assumption of his purpose in coming hither. He might as well let the fellow think—

Yes, he would venture to make use of that for his work; could thus take

FURNITURE ON CREDIT

We give our customers from 10 to 30 months in which to settle for purchases they make of us. Just consider what a convenience this would be to *you*. It would give you immediate use of the furnishings you order to enjoy in your own home while paying for them in small amounts from month to month as you earn the money. It's by far the most generous credit service offered by any homefurnishing institution in America today. We charge absolutely nothing for this credit accommodation—no interest—no extras of any kind. Don't open an account with any concern until you have learned of the better features of this great helpful plan of ours.

JUST FILLED WITH BARGAINS LIKE THIS

This Book is full of information that is of deepest importance to every householder—contains many valuable suggestions on furnishing and beautifying the home. It's a big buyer's guide—explains relative values—describes economies in furniture manufacture and tells of a great modern method of merchandising that is proving a blessing to thousands of families of moderate income all over the United States.

BASE BURNER $3

A powerful double heater, self feeding, elaborately trimmed in nickle.

Cash with your order, balance $2 per month until price is paid.

Catalog No. 16 Free

The Big New Catalog tells all about this most worthy plan of monthly payments. Write for the catalog and learn how easy we'll make it for you—no matter what your income may be—to have everything you want for your home. This great catalog is beautifully illustrated, a considerable portion of it being reproduced in colors. It quotes factory prices on Furniture, Stoves, Rugs, Carpets, Pianos, Go-Carts, Refrigerators, Silverware, Sewing Machines, Crockery, Lamps, Clocks, etc., etc. Write for this big catalog at once—today.

11-inch firepot price $19.85

12-inch firepot $22.75

Terms $2 cash $2 monthly

$3 cash $2 mo.

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO. Dept. A3 223 to 229 Wabash Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

Largest, eldest and best known homefurnishing concern in America—established 1853—57 years of success—22 great stores—700,000 customers.

Get the Book!

advantage of the force of circumstances that had arisen to alienate him from prosaic citations, writs or arraignments. But he must, with strained lightness, emphasize one point; for a brief spell he did not wish to be disturbed. People might call; people probably would, anxious clients, almost impossible to get rid of, unless—

No one must know where he was, under any circumstances; his voice sounded almost jocular, at singular variance with the heaviness, the weariness of his face. He, the old servant, had been a soldier; knew how to fulfill, then, a request or an order. Something crinkled in the speaker's hand, passed to the other who was now busying himself with the bath; the man's moist fingers did not hesitate to close on the note. He had been a hardened campaigner and incidentally a good forager; he remarked at once he would carry out to the letter all his master's visitor asked.

Half an hour later, John Steele, clad in his dressing gown, sat alone near the fire in his room. Every sound had ceased save at intervals a low creaking of old timber. Now it came from overhead, then from the hall or near the window, as if spirit feet or fingers were busy in that venerable, quaint domicile. But these faint noises, inseparable from houses with a history, John Steele did not fear. The food and the bath and awakened him in a momentary alertness he seemed waiting—for what? Something that did not happen; heaviness, depression again weighed on him; to keep awake he stirred himself and again glanced about. Here were evidences of odd taste on the part of the tenant in the matter of household decoration. A chain and ball that had once been worn by a certain famous convict reposed on an etagere, instead of the customary jug or vase of pottery; other souvenirs of prisons and the people that had been in them adorned a few shelves and brackets.

John Steele smiled grimly; but soon his thoughts seemed floating off beyond control, and rising suddenly, he threw himself on the bed.

For a moment he strove to consider one or two tasks that should have been accomplished this night but which he must defer; was vaguely conscious of the slamming of a blind next door; then over-strained nature yielded.

Hours passed; the sun rose high in the heavens, began to sink; still the heavy sleep of utter exhaustion claimed him. Once or twice the servant came to the door, listened, and stole away again. The afternoon was well advanced when, as half through a dream, John Steele heard the rude jingling of a bell—the catmeat man, or the milkman, drowsily he told himself. In fancy he seemed to see the broad, flowing river from a window of his own chambers, the dawn stealing over, marshaling its tints—crimson until—

Slowly through the torpor of his brain realization began also to dawn; this room?—it was not his. The gleaming lances of sunlight that darted through the half-closed shutters played on the strange wall-paper of a strange partment; no, he remembered it now—last night!

The loud and emphatic closing of the front gate served yet more speedily to arouse him; hastily he sat up; his head buzzed from a long-needed sleep that had been over sound; his limbs still ached, but every sense on an instant became unnaturally keen. Footsteps resounded on the gravel; he heard voices; those of two men, who were coming toward the house.

"So it's the meter man you are?" John Steele recognized the inquiring voice as that of the caretaker. "Sure, you're a new one from the last that was here."

"Yes; we change beats occasionally," was the careless answer, as the men passed around the side of the house and entered a rear door. For a time there was silence; John Steele sprang from his bed and crept very softly toward the hall. "A new man—" He heard them talking again after a few minutes; he remained listening at his door, now slightly ajar.

"There must be a leak somewhere from the quantity you've burned. I'll have a look around; might save your master a few shillings."

The man moved from room to room and started, at length, up the stairs. John Steele closed and noiselessly locked his door; the "meter man" crossed the upper hall and stepped, one after the other, nito the several rooms. Having apparently made there the necessary examination, he walked over and tried the door of John Steele's room.

"This room's occupied by a visitor," interposed the servant quickly in a hushed voice. "And he's asleep now; he wouldn't thank you for the disturbing of his repose."

"All right." Did the listener detect an accent of covert satisfaction in the caller's low tones? "I'll not wake him. Don't find the leak I was looking for; will drop in again, though, when I have more time."

Their footsteps receded and shortly afterward, the man left the house; as he did so, John Steele, pushing back the blinds a little, looked out of his room; the man who had reached the front of the place glanced back. His gaze at that instant, meeting the other's, seemed to betray a momentary eagerness; quickly Steele turned away; no doubt now lingered in his mind as to the purpose of the visit.

CHAPTER XVI.

The half-expected had happened; bag and baggage had led his pursuers hither; the fellow could now go back and report. After his bath, before lying down, John Steele had partly dressed in the garments laid out for him; now he threw the dressing-gown from his soulders and hastily put on on the rest of his clothes. He felt now only the need for action—to do what? Impatience was capped by the realization of his own impotence; Rosemary Villa was, no doubt, at that very moment, subjected to a close espionage. He heard the man-servant in the garden, and unable to restrain a growing restlessness to know the worst, Steele mounted the stairs to the attic.

From the high window there he could see, around a curve in the Row, a loitering figure; in the other direction a neighboring house conceale; the byway, but he could reasonably conclude that some one also sauntered there, sentinel at that end of the street. Quickly coming down to the second story, he began cautiously to examine from he windows the situation of the house, in relation to adjoining grounds and neighboring dwellings.

To the right, the top of the high wall shone with the customary broken bits of glass; the rear defenses glistened also in formidable fashion. He noted, however, several places where this safeguard against unwonted invasion showed signs of deterioration; in one or two spots the jagged fragments had been broken, or had fallen off. These slight breaks in the continuity of irregular, menacing glass bits, he fixed in mind by a certain shrub or tree. Against the rear wall, which was of considerable height, leaned his neighbor's low conservatory, almost spanning it from side to side.

"Sure, sir, I don't know whether it's breakfast or supper that's waiting for you." Captain Forsythe's man had reappeared and stood now at the top of the landing looking in at him. "It's a sound sleep you've had."

John Steele glanced at the clock; the afternoon was waning. Why did not his enemies force their way in, surround him at once Unless—and this might prove a momentary saving clause!—these people without were but an advance guard, an outpost, awaiting orders. In this event Gillett would hastily be sent for; would soon be on his way—

"'Tis a rasher of real Irish bacon that is awaiting your convenience, sir."

The servant was now eying the visitor dubiously; John Steele wheeled, a perfunctory answer on his lips, and going to the dining-room swallowed hastily a few mouthfuls. From where he sat he could command a view of the front gate, and kept glancing toward it when alone. To go now—or wait? The daylight did not favor the former course unless his pursuers should suddenly appear before the locked gate, demanding admission.

He made up his mind as to his course then, the last desperate shift. Amid a turmoil of thoughts a certain letter he had had in mind to send to Captain Forsythe occurred to him, and calling for paper and pen, he wrote there, facing the window, feverishly, hastily, several pages; that he gave the letter to the servant for the postman, whose special call at the iron knocker without had just sounded. The letter would have served John Steele ill had it fallen into his enemies' hands, but once in the care of the royal mails it would be safe. If it were, indeed, that person at the gate, and not some one—

"One moment, Dennis!" The man paused. "Of course you will make sure it is the postman—?"

The servant stared at this guest, whose demeanor was becoming more and more eccentric. "As if I didn't know his knock!" he said, departing.

The afternoon waned; the shadows began to fall; John Steel's pulses now throbbed expectantly. He called for a key to the gate and moved toward the front door; by this time the darkness had deepened, and, key in hand, he stepped out.

At first he walked toward the front on the gravel that the servant might hear him, but near the entrance he paused, hesitating, to look out. As he remained thus, some one, who had been standing not far off, drew near. This person stealthily passed; in doing so he glanced around; but John Steele felt uncertain whether the fellow had or had not been able to distinguish him in the gloom. John Steele waited, however, until the other moved a short distance on; then he retraced his own way quietly, keeping to the grass, toward the house; near it he swerved and in the same rapid manner stole around the place until he reached the back wall.

There he examined his position, felt the top, then placed his fingers on the wall. It was about six feet high, but seizing hold, he was about to spring into the air, when behind him, from the direction of the Row, a low metallic sound caught his attention. The front gate to the Forsythe house had suddenly clicked; someone had entered—not the servant; John Steele had seen him but a few moments before in the kitchen; some one, then, who had quietly picked the lock, as the surest way of getting in.

John Steele looked back; even as he did so, a number of figures abruptly ran forward from the gate. He waited no longer but drew himself up to a level with the top of the wall. The effort made him acutely aware of his wounded shoulder; he winced but set his teeth hard and swung himself over until one foot came in contact with the iron frame of the greenhouse next to the masonry. To crawl to the end of the lean-to, bending to hold to the wall, and then to let himself down, occupied but a brief interval.

As he stood there, trying to make out a path through shrubs and trees, he heard behind him an imperative knocking at the front door of Captain Forsythe's house; the expostulating tones of the serving man; the half indistinct replies that were succeeded by the noise of feet hastening into the house.

For some time nothing save these sounds was wafted to the listener; then a loud disappointed voice, sounding above another voice, came from a half-opened window. John Steele stood still no longer; great hazard, almost certain capture, lay before him in the direction he was going; the street this garden led to would be watched; but he could not remain where he was. Already his enemies were moving about in the neighboring grounds; soon they would flash their lights over the wall, would discover him unless—He moved quickly forward. As he neared the house, more imposing than Captain Forsythe's, a stream of light poured from a window; through this bright space he darted quickly, catching a fleeting view of people within, several with their faces turned toward him. Close to a side of the square-looking house, he paused, his heart beating fast—not with fear, but with a sudden, fierce anger at the possibility that he would be caught thus; no better than a mere—

But needs must, when the devil drives; the devil was driving him now hard. To attempt to reach the gate, to get out to Surrey Road—little doubt existed as to what awaited him there; so, crouching low, he forced himself to linger a little longer where he was.

As thus he remained motionless, sharp twinges again shot through his shoulder; then, on a sudden, he became unmindful of physical discomfort; a plan of action that had flashed through his brain held him oblivious to all else; it offered only the remotest chance of escape—but still a chance, which he weighed, determined to take! It had come to him while listening to the merry voices within the room near him talking of the gay dinner just ended, of the box party at the theatre that was to follow.

Already cabs were at the door; the women and the men, several of ,the latter flushed with wine, were ready to go. A servant walked out and unlocked the gate and with light badinage the company issued forth. As they did so, John Steele, unobserved, stepped forward; in the semidarkness the party passed through the entrance into the street. Taking his place among the last of the laughing, dimly-seen figures, John Steele walked boldly on and found himself a moment later on the sidewalk of Surrey Road. He was aware that some one, a woman, had touched his arm, as if to take it; of a light feminine voice and an abrupt exclamation of surprise, of the quick drawing back of fluttering skirts. But he did not stop to apologize or to explain; walking swiftly to one of the last cabs he sprang in.

"A little errand first, driver," he called out. "To—" and mentioned a street—"as fast as you can."(His tone was sharp, authoritative; it implied the need for instant obedience, rang like a command. The man straightened, touched his horse with his whip, and wheeling quickly they dashed away.

As they did so John Steele thought he heard exclamations behind; looking through the cab window he saw, at the gate, the company gazing after him, obviously not yet recovered from their thrill of surprise following his unexpected action. He observed, also, two men on the other side of the street who now ran across and held a brief altercation with one of the cabmen. As they were about to enter the cab, several persons in the party apparently intervened, expostulating vigorously. It was not difficult to surmise the resentment of the group at this attempted summary seizure of a second one of their cabs. By the time the men had explained their imperative need, and after further argument were permitted to drive off, John Steele had gained a better start than he had dared to hope. But they would soon be after him, post-haste; yes, already they were dashing hard and furiously behind; he lifted the lid overhead, in his hand a sovereign.

"Those men must not overtake us, cabby. Go where you will! You understand?"

The man did; his fingers closed quickly on the generous tip and once more he lashed his horse. For some time they continued at a rapid pace, now skirting the confines of the park, now plunging into a puzzling tangle of streets; but wherever they went the other cab managed always to keep them in sight. It even began to creep up, nearer. From his pocket John Steele drew a weapon; his eyes gleamed ominously. The pursuing hansome drew closer; casting a hurried glance over his shoulder, he again called up to the driver.

"It's no use, gov'ner," came back the reply. "This 'oss 'as been out longer than 'is."

"Then turn the first dark corner and slow up a bit,—for only a second; afterward, go on your very best as long as you can."

Another sovereign changed hands and shortly the vehicle dashed into a side street; it appeared as likely a place as any for his porpose; John Steele, hardly waiting for the man to draw reign, leaped out as far as he might. He landed without mishap, heard a whip snap furiously, and darted back into a doorway. He had just reached it when the other cab drew near; for an instant he felt certain he had been seen; but the pursuers eyes were bent eagerly ahead.

"This'll mean a fiver for you, my man," he heard one of the shout to the driver. "We've got him, by—" A harsh, jubilant cry cut the air; then they were gone.

John Steele did not wait; replacing the weapon in his pocket, he started quickly around the corner; his cabman could not lead them far; they would soon return. As fast as possible, without attracting undue attention, he retraced his way; passed in and out of tortuous thoroughfares; by shops from whence came the smell of frying fish; down alleys where squalor lurked. Although he had, by this time, perhaps, eluded the occupants of the cab, he knew there were others keenly alert for his capture whom he might at any moment encounter. To his fancy every corner teemed with peril; he did not underestimate the resources of those who sought him or the cunning of him who was the chief among his enemies.

Which way should he move? At that moment the city's multitudinous blocks seemed like the many squares of an oriental checkerboard; the problem he put to himself was how to cross the city and reach the vicinity of the river; there to make a final effort to look for—What? A hopeless quest!

His face burned with fever; he did not heed it. A long, broad thoroughfare, as he walked on, had suddenly unfolded itself to his gaze; one side of this highway shone resplendent with the flaring lights of numerous stands and stalls displaying vegetables and miscellaneous articles. A hubbub assailed the ear, the voices of hucksters and hawkers, vying with one another to dispose of their wares; like ants, people thronged the sidewalk and pavement near these temporary booths.

About to turn back from this animated scene, John Steele hesitated; the road ran straight and sure toward the destination he wished to reach, while on either hand lay a network of devious ways. Amid these labrynths, even one familiar with the city's maze might go astray, and again he glanced down the single main road, cutting squarely through all intricacies; noted that on one side the lamps and the torches flared high, revealing every detail of merchandise, and, incidentally, the faces of all who passed, the other side of the thoroughfare seemed the more murky and shadowy by comparison.

He decided, crossed the street; lights gleamed in his face. He pushed his way through the people unmolested and strode on, followed only by the noise of passing vehicles and carts; then found himself walking on the other side apart from the headlong busy stream. A suspicion of mist hung over the city; through it, people afar assumed shapes unreal; above the jagged skyline of housetops the heavens had taken on that sickly hue, the high dome's jaundiced aspect for ondon in autumn.

On!—On! John Steel moved; on—on!—the traffic pounded, for the most part in the opposite direction; a vast, never-ending source of sound, it seemed to soothe momentarily his sense of insecurity. Time passed; he had, apparently, evaded his pursuers; he told himself he might after all, meet the problem confronting him; meet and conquer. It would be a hard battle; but once in that part of the city he was striving to reach he might find those willing to offer him shelter—low-born, miserable wretches he had helped. He would not disdain their succor; the end justified the way. In their midst, if anywhere in London, was the one man in the world who could throw a true light on the events of the past; enable him to—

Behind him some one followed; some one who drew ever nearer, with soft, skulking steps which he now heard—

"Mr. Steele!" Even as he wheeled, his name was called out.

To Be Continued

KIDNEY TROUBLE Is a deceptive disease—thousands have it and don't know it. If you want good results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. Sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney trouble.

Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

FREE LAND GRANTS

Many Americans are taking up the 5-acre fruit tracts and city lots now being offered free in Mexico. The only requirements are to have fruit trees planted within 5 years. Even the planting and care of the trees will be done on shares for those who can't go or do not care to go. The fruit grows bountifully and matures luxuriously and commands very high prices. The Jantha Plantation Co., Section 594, Pittsburg, Pa., is the U. S. office for receiving applications. Particulars on request.

Arrival of Gypsy Moth.

Samuel Hopkins Adams, writing in the American Magazine, on "Waring on Injurious Insects," describes how the dreaded gypsy moth became such a pest in New England. "A Harvard astronomer, amusing his leisure by experimenting with the cross breeding of silk worms, brought the gypsy moth to Medford, Mass., in 1868, by importing the eggs from Europe. This well known insect had a wide distribution in Europe, but had never been a source of serious trouble there, as its numbers were kept down by conditions which are wholly understood, though largely parasitic, presumably. Whatever these conditions, they did not obtain this country. Twenty years the foreigner spent in accustoming itself to American institutions. In 1898 it set out to take possession of the land. In and about Medford the trees were wholly defoliated by the ravenous caterpillars. They covered the sidewalks and furlined the walls of houses. People moved away. Real estate depreciated in value. The authorities woke up to the fact that they had a serious problem on their hands, and appropriated money to fight the invaders, $525,000 from 1889 to 1895. In 1897 the yearly appropriation had risen to $150,000 and in the next three years the work was so effective that by 1900 the victory was almost won. Then Massachusetts made the fatal mistake of giving quarter to the few survivors. Appropriations were cut off with lamentable results. For in the five years from 1900 the area of infestation grew from 359 square miles to 2,244 square miles. The pest had spread in all directions, and the moths had crossed the state line into Rhode Island in such numbers that Providence now maintains a large and expensive corps of men to hunt out and destroy the pests."

A Landlady's Ruse.

New York Times.

The desperate boarder vowed that the next time his landlady set before him a breakfast that a flea would get thin on he would make her so ashamed of herself that she would be driven to give him enough to eat out of self-respect. His chance came the morning after he had registered his oath. He hastily swallowed the scant rations set before him, then he telephoned to the lunch counter over on Columbus avenue for a breakfast of ham and eggs, wheat cakes and coffee. When the meal arrived he dispatched it hungrily. The landlady watched him with evident uneasiness, but made no comment. The next morning the desperate boarder approached the dining room expectant. He wondered what the landlady would do. He soon found out. The same old light breakfast was brought in from the kitchen.

"Have you had enough?" the landlady asked when he had finished.

"Indeed I haven't," said the desperate boarder.

She stepped to the telephone and called up the lunch counter.

"Mr. Brown is ready for his extra breakfast of ham and eggs and coffee," she said.

The Call of the Trees.

Dream voices of the twilight
Upon the drifting breeze,
Across the years there follows
The whisper of the trees;
The ripples of the maples
Where memory entwines—
The dream song of the cedars—
The murmur of the pines.

Above the city's tumult—
The clamor of the fray,
I hear them calling, calling
From far and far away;
The call of little voices
That whisper soft and low
On lost winds of the twilight
From long and long ago.

They whisper of a springtime
When life was still a dream
Of love in youth's sweet morning
By vale and singing stream;
Of orchard, lane and meadow
Two dreamers used to know,
Through tangled bud and blossom—
The drift of April snow.

They speak of vanished seasons
Before the world grew old—
Before the heart grew heavy
Within the toiling fold;
Before the bending burden
Upon the dreamer's back
Had left him worn and weary
Upon a lonesome track.

They call across the shadows
In whispers from above
An evensong of childhood—
A lullaby of love,
Just as they used to mingle
When early dusk would creep
Their croonings where a mother sang
Her little boy to sleep.

The city lights have beckoned
The dreamer and his dream;
The bugle call has sounded
To where the sabers gleam;
The storm and strife of battle
Loud echo on the breeze,
But over all there follows
The whisper of the trees.

The call of little voices,
That whisper from above
An evensong of childhood—
A lullaby of love;
The ripple of the maples
Where memory entwines—
The dream song of the cedars—
The murmur of the pines.

—Grantland Rice in Southern Lumberman.

LACK OF MONEY

Was a Godsend in This Case.

It is not always that a lack of money is a benefit.

"A lady of Green Forest, Ark., owes her health to the fact that she could not pay in advance the fee demanded by a specialist to treat her for stomach trouble. In telling of her case she says:

"I had been treated by four different physicians during 10 years of stomach trouble. Lately I called on another, who told me he could not cure me; that I had neuralgia of the stomach. Then I went to a specialist, who told me I had catarrh of the stomach and said he could cure me in four months, but would have to have his money down. I could not raise the necessary sum and in my extremity I was led to quit coffee and try Postum.

"So I stopped coffee and gave Postum a thorough trial, and the results have been magical. I now sleep well at night, something I had not done for a long time; the pain in my stomach is gone and I am a different woman.

"I had dreaded to quit coffee because every time I tried to stop it I suffered from severe headaches, so I continued to drink it, although I had reason to believe it was injurious to me, and was the cause of my stomach trouble and extreme nervousness. But when I had Postum to shift to it was different.

"To my surprise I did not miss coffee when I began to drink Postum.

"Coffee had been steadily and surely killing me, and I didn't fully realize what was doing it until I quit and changed to Postum.' "

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some reader tell us how to get rid of fleas? They are nearly everywhere, and I think their name is Legion.—G., Elizabeth, W. Va.

Will some reader kindly give me his experience with peppermint as a crop to be made into oil? How do you start, with seed or otherwise? Does it have to be used immediately after gathering, or can it be shipped? Is it profitable? We have sandy soil here.—G., Luther, Mich.

I have a dog that has gone blind, and so far as we can see there is nothing wrong with his eyes. He keeps constantly turning to the left. Can anyone tell me what is the cause, and what to do for him?—W., W. Va.

Will some one give me the cause and treatment of the disease in hens known as bumblefoot? I have quite a flock that is afflicted, and know nothing about the cause or treatment, as I have had no experience. Any information will be gratefully received.—Mrs. B., Pompanoosne, Vt.

Will somebody tell me what will cure pigs that have lost the use of their hind legs?—F., Waterbury Center, Vt.

My tomatoes are rotting as they ripen, and the leaves turn brown and curl up. A black spot appears in the blossom, while they are green. Who can tell me the cause and give a remedy?—G., Quincy, Mass.

ELDERBERRY WINE

To make elderberry wine for medical purposes, mash the berries and to one peck add three gallons of boiling water, let stand 24 hours and then drain. To each gallon of juice allow three pounds of sugar, one-half ounce of ginger and six cloves. Boil all ingredients with the juice for one hour. When lukewarm add two cakes of dissolved yeast to every 20 gallons of wine. Let stand until it ferments and then skim and bottle.—P.

HOME-MADE HOTBEDS

"I first determine the size I wish to make my coldframe or hotbed. Then I go to the planing mill and have strips of poplar cut one inch thick and 1½ inches wide, and grooved in the center of the inch side. If the bed is four feet wide, I have the strips cut 16 feet long; if three feet wide, they are cut 15 feet long. After cutting into three or four bed lengths, according to width of bed, I nail a strip across the ends, spacing the sash the required width. Then I drop lights of glass into the groove until the frame is full, nail strips on the end, and the frame is complete.

"I often use the double-headed tacks across the groove, and they hold the glass in place very well. If the sash are not firm enough I nail thin strips across them in the center. These grooved strips cost one cent a foot, and 150 feet will make 10 sash. You can make your sash any width you wish by using different widths of glass.

"Two 12x18 lights will make a sash 3 feet by 2 feet 4½ inches wide. Glass will cost 56 cents, frame 15 cents, and strips and nails less than 4 cents. Total cost of sash, not more than 75 cents.—Country Life in America for September.

VEGETABLE GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER

The principal garden work in September is in harvesting the fruits of your labor. As soon as the first frost comes, gather all the remaining egg plants, tomatoes, beans, melons and cucumbers. Also dig the potatoes and pull the corn.

Lima beans are always a late crop that is nipped by the fall frosts. They may be kept in good condition by the simple expedient of pulling them up, vines, pole and all, and laying them down in the rows. As an additional precaution cover them lightly with some hay or straw.

To have winter parsley and lettuce, lift some plants and set out in the cold frame. The garden iconoclast will take a chance, and plant some lettuce and radishes in September.

Sow spinach in cold frames for use at Christmas.

The principal work is to save the garden surplus. Nearly all the common vegetables may be successfully canned, if just one important thing is done, to destroy all the germs of ferment and mold, by boiling them after they are placed in the jars. All vegetables should be parboiled in salted water before they are canned. Care should be taken, however, not to carry this boiling process too far. String beans, cauliflower and spinach require about five minutes, peas and corn eight minutes, and carrots, turnips and lima beans about 15 minutes.

Spring will be made even more welcome by sowing cow salad now. It will be ready in March.

Leave parsnips in the ground through the winter. Next spring they will remind you of their presence by starting to sprout with the first warm days.

Cut and burn all the asparagus tops to destroy disease, and give the bed a thick dressing of stable manure. Asparagus is a heavy feeder and will stand all the manure you can spare.

If you are an experimentalist, try planting potatoes and peas now for the very earliest crops next summer. If your soil is well drained success is almost certain.

Clean and put away all the garden tools. The careful man will replace broken and missing parts now. The rest of us will wait until the spring rush, and fume and chafe about the delay.

When the garden is past yielding, make a grand cleanup. Burn the pea brush and weeds. Store away the bean poles and tomato frames, and finally cross-plow the garden, and take a well earned rest and make notes of your results for reference next spring.

Before storing onions, be sure to cure them in the sunlight. Pack in lath crates to secure ventilation.

In starting new asparagus beds, be sure to provide good drainage. Four-inch unglazed tile is the best. An asparagus bed, if carefully made, is good for 20 years.

MARKET DUCKS

Ducks are easily raised, and are profitable if properly fed and cared for. They should not be fed exclusively on whole grain, but if fed on ground grain, with a large proportion of the green stuff that goes to waste on every farm, and given clean, dry sleeping pens with straw or leaves for bedding, they will repay any farmer for his time and trouble in raising them.

I raise Pekin ducks only. They are better layers, mature more quickly and stand confinement better than other breeds, and if given free range will not wander away. In selecting the breeders I choose the best shaped, most compactly built birds from April hatches. The breeding ducks are allowed to run at large until they begin to damage the growing crops. Then they are confined to the barnyard and poultry yard.

My ducks are fed twice a day on equal parts corn meal and middlings and two parts wheat bran. To a bushel of this is added a scoopful of ground beef scrap. Then the whole is mixed to a stiff dough. While laying they are fed all they will eat up clean in a few minutes; at other times just enough to keep them in good condition. When confined, and in winter, scalded clover or alfalfa chaff is added to the mash, or any green stuff that is handy is given. Plenty of water in ordinary pails, filled often, is given.

THE FARM AND THE CITY

There is a slight disagreement between a father and his son. The father is a farmer and has a pleasant farm and has a good boy, too; but they differ upon a very material point. The father wants the boy to go to the state university and study agricultural science and become an intelligent and progressive farmer. But the boy wants to come to the city, get a position in some store or office and become a business man.

The boy is not at all wilful or obstinate. His wish is supported by a careful judgment and he is thinking the best he can about it. But the chance is that the father's judgment is the better. There is no dream of life so full of real satisfaction as that where a vigorous and highminded young man, versed in the science of farming, gets a farm and devotes his heart and mind to it. It is a useful, independent, honorable life.

And there is a sort of duty in adopting it, too. This enchantment of city life results in an underproduction of the soil and an overproduction of social emptiness and folly. He is a real good to the country who uses the soil in accordance with scientific intelligence. While it increases food for the people it produces manly character. How could one's destiny be better directed than toward these two things?

That boy should take the father's advice. His life will be useful, his living certain, his character self-reliant, and the intelligent treatment of the soil will bring him a joyous mind and a scholarly taste. It may not bring him great wealth, but that is not of itself alone a good thing. It is the manhood in one that is the real thing.—Ohio State Journal.

CLUBS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

For several years we have been telling of the advantages of having a good farmers' club in every community and getting together to talk over and discuss matters pertaining to the farm and farming operations. In some places the seed has fallen on good ground, sprung up and yielded abundantly. In many places it did not even take root to flourish for a season.

With the new movement in introducing agriculture in the schools there are signs of much good coming from it. The young people are organizing agricultural clubs for the purpose of getting together and discussing matters pertaining to the farm.

Such club can benefit those who attend regularly in many ways. It will tend to give an accurate estimate of farming as a profession in comparison with other of the learned professions. It will aid each member in gathering and putting in practice much scientific information. It will tend to improve social conditions in the country. No other one thing has been the cause of discontent in the country as has the lack of social advantages, and we can properly welcome a movement that will gratify the social longings of the younger classes of people who live in the country.

They have been in the past a subject for jokes on account of being "country greenhorns," letting moss grow on their backs and carrying hayseed in their hair, but now the countryside place is the "popular retreat" for the refined and cultured who seek to get away from the noise and bustle of the city. And such are to be a part of society hereafter in the country. Let the good work progress.

THE SAN JOSE SCALE AND WAY TO CONTROL IT

The San Jose or Chinese scale (Aspidiotus perniciosus Comstock) infests practically all portions of its host plants that are above ground—the trunk, limbs and branches—and when abundant it may occur on the leaves and fruit. Injury results from the extraction, by the scale insects, of the juices of the plant. At first this merely checks growth, but as the insects increase in number the speedy killing of the branches and twigs follows, resulting finally in the death of the plants. In addition to the extraction, by the scales, of sap as food, the puncturing of the bark by the slender sucking mouth-parts results in a diseased and often pitted condition; the inner bark, or cambium, showing a reddish discoloration, as exposed in cutting with a knife, and the bark itself may crack, in stone fruits exuding drops or masses of gum. A reddening effect is also much in evidence as red rings around the scales on the bark, especially of the apple and pear, and on the fruits of these plants, though not characteristic of any one scale species.

History and Habits.

The San Jose scale passes the winter in an immature condition fixed to the bark, the small dark gray or blackish scales being just discernible to the eye. In early spring, with the ascent of the tree's sap, the growth of the scale begins, and early in April in the latitude of Washington the small, two-winged, active males issue from the male scales. After mating with the females the males die. The females continue to grow and in about a month begin the production of living young—minute, yellow oval creatures, which by very close observation may be distinguished without the aid of a hand lens, crawling here and there on the infested plants in an effort to find a suitable place for settlement. The young insect is active for some hours, but soon pushes into its slender, threadlike beak into the plant, and begins to feed by sucking out the sap. After this there is no further movement from place to place, and the waxy covering, which often begins to develop before the insect has settled, soon covers it completely.

In about 12 days the insects molt and from this time on the male and female scales may be readily distinguished. Eight or ten days later the males change to pupae, and in from 24 to 26 days from birth the adult males emerge and fecundate the females, which in turn reach maturity and begin the production of young in from 33 to 40 days from birth. An individual female may give birth, on the seasonal average, to about 400 young, and as the life cycle of the female covers but a few weeks, there may be several generations a year, the number varying according to latitude. The progeny from one parent during the season have been estimated at 1,608,040,200 females. It is thus easy to understand how the insect can so quickly destroy the plants infested and why prompt remedial measures are so necessary. With the approach of the cool weather of fall, breeding gradually ceases and the scales in all stages enter hibernation. Most of the older and almost most of the younger individuals perish during the winter, the survivors being those about one-third or one-half grown, as stated.

Means of Distribution.

The San Jose scale is distributed from one region to another principally on nursery stock, scions, or budding and grafting material. The danger of its dissemination in this way is fully realized, and laws are in force in the majority of states requiring the inspection of nurseries and the destruction of infested stock. Traffic in nursery produce is permissible only under the certificate of an official entomologist or inspector that the stock is free from the scale. In addition to the actual inspection of nurseries, further safeguard is furnished by the practice of most nurserymen (compulsory in some states) of fumigating the plants, before distribution, with hydrocyanic-acid gas.

After the insect once becomes established in a locality its spread is accomplished by various agencies. As explained under the natural history of the insect, it is capable of movement only during a short period after birth. During the crawling stage the insects are able to pass from tree to tree where the limbs are in contact. But it is by agencies independent of itself that it is principally distributed. Prominent among these facts are birds.

Lime Sulphur Wash.

For many years the cooked lime-sulphur wash has been the main reliance in the control of the scale. It is made according to the following formula:

Stone lime	pounds..	20
Sulphur (flour or flowers)	do....	15
Water to make	gallons..	50

Heat in a cooking barrel or vessel about one-third of the total quantity of water required. When the water is hot add all the lime and at once add all sulphur, which previously should have been made into a thick paste with water. After the lime has slaked, about another third of the water should be added, preferably hot, and the cooking should be continued for one hour, when the final dilution may be made, using either hot or cold water, as is most convenient. The boiling due to the slaking of the lime thoroughly mixes the ingredients at the start, but subsequent stirring is necessary if the wash is cooked by direct heat in kettles. If cooked by steam, no stirring will be necessary. After the wash has been prepared it must be well strained, as it is being run into the spray pump or tank. The wash may be cooked in large kettles or, preferably, by steam in barrels or tanks.

It is possible that the commercial concentrated lime-sulphur wash, previously referred to, used at the rate of 1½ gallons to 50 gallons of water, would destroy many of the young San Jose scales. It has been shown to be an excellent fungicide, and at this strength probably injurious to the foliage. Arsenate of lead may also be added, as in the case of the self-boiled wash.

In using the self-boiled lime-sulphur wash as a scale treatment, however, especial pains should be taken to coat the limbs and branches of the infested trees, and, on account of the presence of the leaves, careful work will be necessary to accomplish this. This wash is made as follows:

Stone lime	pounds..	8
Sulphur (flour or flowers)	do....	8
Water to make	gallons..	50

The lime should be placed in a barrel and enough water poured on to almost cover it. As soon as the lime begins to slake the sulphur should be added, after first running it through a sieve to break up the lumps. The mixture should be constantly stirred and more water added as needed to form a thick paste at first and then gradually a thin paste. The lime will supply enough heat to boil the mixture several minutes. As soon as it is well slaked water should be added to cool the mixture and prevent further cooking, and then ready to be strained into the spray tank, diluted, and applied.

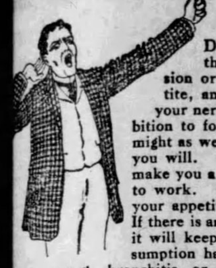
The stage at which cold water should be poured on to stop the cooking varies with different grades of lime. Some limes are so sluggish in slaking that it is difficult to obtain enough heat from them to cook the mixture at all, while other limes become intensely hot on slaking, and care must be taken not to allow the boiling to proceed too far. If the mixture is allowed to remain hot 15 or 20 minutes after the slaking is completed the sulphur gradually goes into solution, combining with the lime to form sulphids, which are injurious to peach foliage. It is therefore very important, especially with hot-lime, to cool the mixture quickly by adding a few buckets of water as soon as the lumps of lime have slaked down. The intense heat, violent boiling, and constant stirring result in a uniform mixture of finely-divided sulphur and lime, with only a very small percentage of the sulphur in solution. It should be strained to take out the coarse particles of lime, but the sulphur should be carefully worked through a strainer. The mixture can be prepared in larger quantities if desirable, say enough for 200 gallons at a time, making the formula 32 pounds of lime and 32 pounds of sulphur to be cooked with a small quantity of water (8 to 10 gallons), and then diluted to 200 gallons.

The first application should be given when the young scale insects are beginning to crawl, which time will vary according to locality. In the neighborhood of Washington this will be about the middle of May, earlier in the south, and later in the north. This one treatment, if thoroughly applied, will do much to check the increase of the insect and to protect the trees from serious damage until the more thorough winter application can be made. A subsequent application should be given, if practicable, in the course of five or six weeks in order to destroy the young scales of the second generation.

WELL DESIGNED BARN

This barn is 40x120 feet, with an eight-foot basement and twenty-foot superstructure. In the basement are seven horse stalls, three large box stalls, eighteen cow stalls, an open stable for young cattle, a large sheep stable. Under one approach is a cistern and under the other a root cellar, while silos are placed between the approaches. On the main floor are two driveways and two double ways for hay and grain. While this barn was built on a Tennessee farm of 1,400 acres, it is well adapted, with modifications, to smaller farms.

ASK FOR FREE CATALOGUE



Do You Feel This Way?

Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you just can't work away at your profession or trade any longer? Do you have a poor appetite, and lay awake at nights unable to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Has ambition to forge ahead in the world left you? If so, you might as well put a stop to your misery. You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a ...ering cough, bronchitis, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a ...re in 98 per cent. of all cases. It is a remedy originally prepared by Doctor ...V. Pierce. *Medical advice is given free* to all who wish to write for same. ...reat success has come from a wide experience and varied practice. ...Don't be wheedled by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking inferior substi... ...tes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to be "just as good." Dr. ...erce's medicines are OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. Their every ingredient printed ... their wrappers. Made from roots without alcohol. Contain no habit-...rming drugs. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

QUESTION BUREAU

...LES—1. Your real name and post-... address must be on the sheet with the ...tion. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only ...estion; that is, there may be several ...ions on the same subject, but no different ...t. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not ...ed to give the address of any person or ...nor answer as to the reliability of any ... or firm, nor to tell where you can buy ...ing—nothing in the way of free advertising. ...e reserve the right to decline to answer ...estion not of general interest to a ma... ...of our readers. 5. We will not answer ...estion involving dogma or doctrine, or of ...al interpretation; no prices of old coins ...amps; no arithmetical or grammatical ...ems. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a ...on is of general interest to our readers ...ll reply in print, but never by mail.

DOG DAYS

Question Bureau: Please publish ...ur paper when dog days begin and ... they end. Do they begin and end ...t the same time each year?—J. F. ...rinity, Ky.

...g days are now most usually reck... from July 3 to August 11. The name ...days is derived from Sirius, the dog ... The ancients ascribed the great ...t of summer to the influence of this ..., but it was by accident only that ...rising coincided with the warmest ...n. The time of its rising depends ...he latitude of the country, and, ow... to precession, is later every year. ...e is a traditional dread of so-called ...days that is uncalled for.

FRIEDRICH VON HUMBOLDT

...ll you give me a short sketch of ...life of Friedrich von Humboldt?—... P., Tintah, Minn.

... was born at Berlin, September 14, ... of a wealthy family, and received, ...ther with his elder brother, Karl ...elm, a most careful education in ...home under the direction of his ...er, his father having died very ... In 1787 he studied at the University ...rankfort-on-the-Oder, and follow... ...year at Berlin. In 1791 he entered ...celebrated mining school at Freiberg. ...1792 to 1797 he occupied a superior ...on as a mining officer at Bayreuth. ...the death of his mother, which oc... ...d in 1796, he planned a scientific ...ney to foreign lands. He spent five ...s in the Spanish colonies of Central ... South America. Subsequently, he ... the soil of Italy, England, Russia, ...a and numerous intermediate as ... as more remote localities; in all ...nces making scientific investigations ...tany, zoology, geology and ethnog... ...y. He settled in Paris as the scien... ...center of the world, and although ...ently engaged in scientific travels or ...matic miss.ons, he resided here from ... to 1827, occupied with the arrange... ...t and publication of his scientific ac...tions, which appeared successively ...ng this period in 29 volumes, written ...rench and translated into German, ...accompanied by upwards of 2,000 ex... ...te illustrations. The world was as... ...hed; the work was not only new ...attractive, but it was correct. At the ...tation of the king he removed to ...in 1827, where he spent the rest ...is life. Humboldt's chief and most popular work is Kosmos. He died at his native town May 6, 1859.

SCHUMANN-HEINK

Will you please give a biography of Madame Schumann-Heink?—M. A. G., Perry, Ill.

Madame Schumann-Heink was born in 1863, in Prague, Austria. Her father was a major in the Austrian army and her mother was the daughter of an Italian officer. Her mother was very musical and had a fine contralto voice. When Schumann-Heink was a child she attended the Ursuline convent at Prague. While there one of the sisters discovered that she could sing. She sang then at the church services. When 13 years of age the noted singer had such a well developed voice that she was placed under the instruction of Madame Leclaire, a teacher of Graz. After studying under her for four years Schumann-Heink received an engagement at a theatre in Dresden, which lasted four years. While there she awakened the interest of two people high up in the musical world so that her musical education was continued under their training while she was at Dresden. Schumann-Heink next went to Hamburg, where she met her husband, who was engaged in the same theatre. Since then she has filled engagements in many different places, including the United States. The singer has eight children, and is now an American citizen.

HANNIBAL

Will you give me a short history of the life of Hannibal, the Carthaginian general?—C. B. R., Echols, O.

Hannibal was born in 247 B. C., and probably died in 183 B. C. His father, Hamilcar Barca, made him swear at the altar eternal hatred to the Romans when he was only 9 years old. When he was 22 years of age his brother Hasdrubal prevailed on him to become a soldier. He became so popular with the soldiers that when Hasdrubal was murdered Hannibal was elected to the chief command by acclamation. In 219 B. C. he laid siege of Saguntum, a town which had concluded an alliance with Rome. After eight months the town fell. The Romans were alarmed by this and sent ambassadors to Carthage, demanding his surrender. The demand being refused, they declared war. Hannibal resolved to invade Italy, so, with a force of 90,000 foot soldiers, 40 elephants and 12,000 horsemen, he traversed Gaul with incredible rapidity and reached the foot of the Alps. In nine days he crossed these mountains. The people of Cisalpine Gaul joined him. He defeated Publius Scipio in 218 and won at Trebia. Hannibal then went into winter quarters among his new allies in Gaul. When spring came Hannibal began a campaign which was very successful. Battle after battle he won, and many cities surrendered to his army. But he received no reinforcements from Carthage and was compelled to depend upon his first army, whose ranks were sadly depleted. The successes of the war changed when the Romans captured Capua, which had been held by Hannibal. Hannibal wished to effect a union with his brother Hasdrubal, but the latter was defeated by Claudius Nero. Hannibal then retired to Bruttium, where, surrounded with difficulties, he yet maintained the contest with inferior forces against victorious armies. But Scipio carried the war over to Africa, and Hannibal was called back to defend his country. In 203 he left the country which for 16 years he had held in spite of all the efforts of Rome. Scipio took several cities in Africa and reduced the inhabitants to slaves. Hannibal met him at Zama, was defeated with the loss of 20,000. Peace was concluded in 201. Hannibal, accused by his enemies of stirring up Antiochus the Great to war against the Romans, went to Ephesus, to the court of Antiochus. In the ensuing struggle with Rome, Antiochus was signally defeated and obliged to conclude a peace, one of the terms of which was that Hannibal should be delivered up. Hannibal, again obliged to flee, went to the court of Prusius, king of Bithynia. Prusius, to whom the senate had sent ambassadors to demand the person of Hannibal, was on the point of complying with the requisition, when Hannibal prevented the disgrace by swallowing poison, which he always carried about in his ring.

TAM O'SHANTER

Please explain where Burns got his idea of writing the poem entitled Tam O'Shanter.—W. H. H., Drakesboro, Ky.

Tam O'Shanter was the work of one day. Burns asked Captain Grose to make a drawing of Alloway Kirk, saying that it was the scene of many witch stories. Grose consented on the condition that Burns write some verses to accompany the engraving. So Burns wrote the well-known poem. The original of Tam was Douglas Graham, a Carrick farmer. Kate was his wife and was very superstitious. To his dying day Graham passed among his rural companions by the name of Tam O'Shanter.

THE WATER CURE

Please tell about the water cure which the American soldiers used upon the Fillipinoes.—R. S. E., Whiteville, La.

The Filipino insurgents were very treacherous. Time and again it has occurred that our troops after a fight in which the insurgents were driven before them, would come to a village, the men of which would come out, welcoming them with cries of "Amigo!"—the Spanish word for "friend." It was morally certain that these very men were the Filipino soldiers they had been fighting a short time before. They had buried their uniforms and guns. The Macabebe scouts in the American service first used the "water cure" to compel the Filipinos to tell where their rifles were concealed. It is a practice long used among the natives, and the American soldiers learned it of them.

The native is laid upon the ground, a bamboo tube placed in the mouth and far enough down the throat so as to carry the water into the stomach. Water is then poured in until the stomach is distended to its utmost capacity. Very few natives, after experiencing it, but were glad to reveal the hiding place of their arms.

THE TITLE OF HONORABLE

Will you tell me through these columns why the title of honorable is sometimes given to a man?—R. H. K., Newark, O.

The title of Honorable is placed before a man's name as a sign of respect or distinction. In Great Britain the title is bestoyed upon the youngest sons of earls and the children of viscounts and barons, and upon persons occupying official places of trust and honor; also upon the house of commons as a body. In the United States the title is commonly given to persons who hold or have held any considerable office under the national or state government, particularly to members and ex-members of congress and state legislatures, to judges, justices and some other judicial officers, as well as to certain executive officers.

OHIO GOVERNORS

I would like to have the Question Bureau please name the different governors of Ohio and their terms of office. —G. T. Y., Ocenee, Ga.

Arthur St. Clair, territorial, 1788-1802; Charles W. Byrd, 1802-3; Edward Tiffin, state, 1803-7; Thomas Kirker, (acting), 1807-8; Samuel Huntington, 1808-10; Return J. Meigs, 1810-14; Othmel Looker (acting), 1814; Thomas Worthington, 1814-18; Ethan Allen Brown, 1818-22; Allen Trimble (acting), 1822; Jeremiah Morrow, 1822-26; Allen Trimble, 1826-30; Duncan McArthur, 1830-32; Robert Lucas, 1832-36; Joseph Vance, 1836-38; Wilson Shannon, 1838-40; Thomas W. Bartley (acting), 1844; Mordecai Bartley, 1844-46; William Bebb, 1846-49; Seabury Ford, 1846-50; Reuben Wood, 1850-53; William Medill (acting), 1853-64; Salmon P. Chase, 1856-60; William Dennison, 1860-62; David Tod, 1862-64; John Brough, 1863-64; Charles Anderson (acting), 1865-66; Jacob Dolson Cox, 1866-68; Rutherford B. Hayes, 1868-72; Edward T. Noyes, 1872-74; William Allen, 1874-76; Rutherford B. Hayes, 1876-78; William H. Bishoup, 1878-80; Charles Foster, 1880-82; George Hoadly, 1882-86; Joseph B. Foraker, 1886-88; James E. Campbell, 1890-92; William McKinley, 1892-94; Asa Bushnell, 1894-98; Abner Nash, 1898-02; Myron T. Herrick, 1902-06; John M. Pattison, in 1906; Andrew L. Harris, 1906-08; and Judson T. Harmon, the present governor, whose term expires January 9, 1911.

WATERPROOF CLOTH

Can you tell me how cloth is made waterproof?—G. G. K., Sparkman, Ark.

There have been various devices for rendering cloth waterproof without the use of India rubber. The most successful of these, no doubt, is the Stenhouse patent. This consists of the application of paraffin combined with drying oil. Paraffin was first used alone, but it was found to harden and break off from the cloth after a time. When drying oil was added, however, even in a very small quantity, it was found that the two substances, by the absorption of oxygen, became converted into a tenacious substance, very much like resin. To apply this, the paraffin is melted with drying oil, and then cast into blocks. The composition can then be applied to fabrics by rubbing them over with a block of it, either cold or gently warmed. Or the melted mixture may be applied with a brush, and the cloth then passed through hot rollers, in order to cover its entire substance perfectly. This application makes cloth very repellant to water, though still pervious to air.

MORGAN'S RAID

Will the Question Bureau please give an account of Morgan's raid?—C. S. C., Shreve, O.

In December, 1863, Longstreet, who had been conducting an active campaign in Tennessee, returned into Virginia, leaving the noted guerilla, Col. John H. Morgan, to carry on the struggle in East Tennessee. December 29 there was a fight between General Sturgis and Morgan—the latter having an army of about 6,000—near New Market, in which Morgan was defeated. In another fight, January 16, 1864, Morgan made the attack and Sturgis was driven back to Strawberry Plains. Morgan lingered in East Tennessee until May, and late in that month, with a small band of men, he went over the mountains and raided through eastern Kentucky, plundering the wealthy districts as he went through. He captured several small towns, dashed into Lexington, burning the railway station and other property there, and hurried on to Frankfort. But General Burbridge was in pursuit, and came up with Morgan's men near Cynthiana, and in the fight which followed, Morgan lost 200 in killed and wounded, 400 prisoners, and 1,000 horses captured. Morgan now retreated into East Tennessee. In September he had his force at Greenville, and Morgan himself and his staff were at the house of a Mrs. Williams. General Gillem, with troops, surrounded the house, and Morgan was killed while trying to escape. His body was sent through the lines by a flag of truce, and was buried with imposing ceremonies, at Abingdon, Va.

FIRST ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Please tell who wrote the first English dictionary and give a sketch of his life.—F. H. T., Coldwater, Mich.

The first dictionaries in English were intended to facilitate the study of Latin, that being the language in which all important works were printed. But the first attempt to give a complete collection of English words was the Universal Etymological English Dictionary, by Nathan Bailey, published in 1726. The next, and far more important, was Johnson's Dictionary, which cost him eight years of arduous labor, which appeared in 1755. This work had come to be considered the first of modern English dictionaries.

Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield, England, in 1709, died in London in 1784. From his birth he was afflicted with scrofula which permanently disfigured his face, and injured both his sight and hearing. He went to Oxford university for three years, but was obliged to leave without taking his degrees, on account of his poverty. He was assistant in a private school, and resorted to other occupations to make a living. He went to London in 1737, living there in poverty, and devoting himself to literary affairs. By 1744 he had made a name for himself. In 1747 he had began the dictionary, and as the result of some eight years' work he received £1,575—about $7,875—out of which he had to pay six copyists and bear other incidental expenses. In 1759 appeared his most celebrated work, Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. From 1770 to 1775 he produced several political pamphlets, the last of which was to controvert the position of the American colonists that taxation without representation is tyranny. In 1773 he made a tour of Scotland and the Hebrides. His last literary work, Lives of the Poets, appeared in four volumes, from 1779 to 1781.

MISCELLANEOUS

G. W. E., Decatur, Ind.: There are 46 states in the United States at the present time, and there should be 46 stars in the flag.

H. B. R., Toneyfork, W. A.: First-class postmasters are paid salaries which vary in the different localities according to the amount of business done by the postoffice.

C. H. R., Bassett, Va.: The government purchased Arlington Heights for a national cemetery.

T. J. P., Milligan, Va.: Robert Raikes was the founder of the modern Sunday school.

S. A. P., Withmansville, O.: The people of South America are called Latin Americans because they are of Spanish descent, and Spain is a Latin country.

C. H. P., Milligan College, Tenn.: See a pension attorney for the information you want.

N. C., Fairgrove, Mich.: We can give you no statistics for government appropriations made in the year 1910.

G. M., Leon, W. Va.: We are not familiar enough with botany to answer your question.

Virginia Mud.

Roanoke Times.

Man's skill and daring have conquered all the elements, but they are foiled by a mixture. We ride in the air, roll over the surface of the earth faster than the bird flies, travel the water on and beneath the surface, but when we strike earth and water in the shape of mud on Virginia highways, we fail. Fifty per cent of the gallant automobiles which tackled it fell, literally by the wayside, and the path was strewn with remnants of the raid.

Virginia mud, in times past, was one of Richmond's best fortifications against invading hosts. It is invincible. The sacred soil of the Old Dominion properly moistened and churned up, will stop anything. It is hostile and hospitable. It bids the wayfarer go no farther, but invites him to stop and spend the night. Usually he stops. He becomes stuck in the country and the country on him. And now the next few days the resident Virginian of most parts of Virginia will stay at home because he must.

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (Clothing Dealer), East Hampton, Conn., says if any sufferer from a Kidney or Bladder trouble will send him their address he will gladly and without charge direct them to the splendid remedy he successfully used at home in his own case.

On the Road to Love.

Have you ever tramped alone upon a misty morning
In and out among the hills along the road to Love,
Up the wooded valley until sudden at a turning
Sleepy little Hessenford comes peeping slyly through,
On the road to Love;
Out along and down along the winding road to Love?

Hessenford so cozylike all hidden in the hollow,
And the little graveyard, oh, so quiet and so still;
Where the Christ of all of us would rest a while in silence,
Ere you turned to breast again the road that climbs the hill
On the road to Love;
Out along and down along the silent road to Love.

Left of you the fallow fields go rolling, gently rolling,
Out to meet the kisses of the sunny, rolling sea,
While you watch the wonders and the everlasting glory
Of the good old Cornish land just made for you and me,
By the road to Love;
Out along and down along the sleepy road to love.

Have you ever caught the scent of yellow gorse a-burning
Drifting on the breezes as you tramped and tramped along,
Heard the milky lowing of the lazy-footed cattle
When the trees and hedges and the fields are full of song;
Calling you to Love;
Out along and down along the sunny road to Love?

Sick am I of staring at the hunger in the faces,
Listening to the clatter of the city's ceaseless din,
Time it was that I was rolling up my swag and going
To the warmth and welcome of that quiet little inn
On the way to Love;
Out along and down along the cheery road to Love.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

Buy Home Furnishings Here on Easy Credit and Save HALF on Every Purchase!

Entire Overproduction of Michigan's Great Furniture Factories Secured for Our Credit Customers!

WRITE FOR CATALOG OF 5,000 BARGAINS

We take this means of announcing to our 600,000 regular customers and the public generally that we have secured the entire overproduction of Michigan's mammoth furniture factories at enormous reductions from the prices which dealers and mail order houses in other cities have been forced to pay.

Our latest Catalog, just off the press, offers these high-quality home furnishings at half the usual prices, on free and unlimited credit!

DON'T WAIT! The great sale is on!

Write at once for the Big Free Catalog, offering 5,000 matchless bargains on the Easy-Way-to-Pay Plan. We will trust you for anything you order—whether it be one item or a complete outfit for your home.

Look carefully at the specimen bargains shown here. Note the trifling cash sums that will bring them to you on 30 days' free trial. The balance is payable in yet smaller monthly installments. It's easy to pay—the People's way.

$1.50 Cash, Balance 75c a Month.

$1.50 Cash, Balance 75c a Month.

75c Cash, balance 50c a Month.

$1.50 Cash, bal'ce 75c a Month

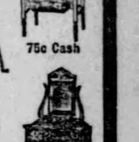
$2.25 Cash, Balance $1.25 a Month

$2.50 Cash

$2 Cash

75c Cash

75c Cash

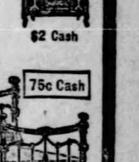


$1.25 Cash

75c Cash

$2 Cash

$5 Cash



75c Cash

A Stupendous Purchase at Panic Prices

Made Possible by Our $10,000,000 Capital and Resources

With our millions of capital and resources, our 600,000 mail order customers and our chain of stores in many cities, the Michigan furniture factories turn to us when caught with an overproduction. This year we bought the surplus stocks of factory after factory—dictating our own prices. Now, in our great Free Catalog, we offer this immense stock at a fraction of actual value.

Your Credit Is Good for All You Want on the Easy-Way-to-Pay Plan

Your credit is O. K. We trust you. All credit transactions are strictly private. No embarrassment, no annoyance, no security, no interest. Thirty days' free trial allowed. Money refunded and freight paid if goods are not entirely satisfactory. You can furnish your entire home without missing the little monthly payments. Why not use your credit, as 600,000 others are doing?

The Chance of a Century!

This is an unparalleled opportunity to get finest guaranteed Furniture, Carpets and Rugs, Stoves and Ranges, and whatever else you need, at half price, on unlimited credit. Don't miss it! Send for the Catalog and full particulars today. A letter or postal will bring everything free by return mail. Address [38]

People's Outfitting Co., 722 Sixth St., Detroit, Mich.

News Frof Fairytown

IN AN old, old, land there dwelled a poor boy, the son of a peasant who, though he toiled early and late, could get scarcely enough to eat for himself, his wife and his one child. This land was ruled over by a young king who had been brought up with every luxury and with scores of servants to leap at his very nod that they might do his bidding.

Now this poor boy, whose name was Frederick, was sent to the fields one morning to see if there was aught left that had not been gleaned, and as he searched the fields, picking up a wisp of grain here and a bit there, he saw a great cavalcade upon the highway. Throwing his gleanings hastily aside he ran to the stone fence which bounded the road and perching upon it he sat with open mouth while the proud courtiers passed by, scarce giving him a glance. Soon there came a great coach, all shimmering with jewels and heavy with paint of gold. And within was a young man, sitting silently and looking as if all the world were heavy and gloomy. He glanced at Frederick upon the fence and a sudden whim struck him to talk to this peasant boy.

"Halt!" he shouted, and forthwith the cavalcade stopped in its tracks.

Frederick did nothing but gape, neither bowing nor lifting his hat. This amused the young king—for so the personage in the carriage was—and he opened the coach door and walking over seated himself upon the fence beside Frederick.

"Tell me," he said. "Do you wear these ragged clothes all the time?"

"Yes," stammered Frederick.

"And why?"

"Because I have no other."

"That is strange," said the king. "Where I dwell I have so many clothes that I weary with changing them for every ceremonial and sometimes just because it seems to be the ridiculous custom to change clothes."

"Where are you going?" said Frederick, feeling at home at last in the presence of the king.

"I go," said the king, "in search of happiness, but so far I have not caught a glimpse of it."

"That's odd," answered Frederick. "With all your money and all your clothes and all these people to halt when you just say the word. Now it seems to me that I could be happy if I just shouted to some one to bring me meat and bread and cake—that is, if some one would bring it all."

"Goodness," said the king, "you have to be hungry first."

"Well, I am always hungry."

"Can that be true? I tell you what. You trade places with me for a few days and I will stay here and get hungry and perhaps, as you say, I can gain happiness by really wanting something to eat, though it does seem to me that I have always merely eaten because it was breakfast time or dinner time."

The story goes that Frederick changed clothes with the young king and rode away in the coach and the young king went to work in the fields and was berated soundly by Frederick's parents for not working harder. A week later the cavalcade came back. The king was on the fence waiting for it and the first thing he said was, "Varlets, bring me a big roast, the whole of it, bread and butter, potatoes, ice cream and cake, and jump lively about it."

"That's all right," said Frederick. "There's lots of it here. As for myself I'm sick of the stuff. Give me back my ragged clothes."

"What, did you not have a good time playing king?"

"Too good a time," said Frederick. "But what sensible person wants to be dressing and eating and toying always? No wonder you set out to find happiness. All there was in your palace I used up in three days."

"You are right," said the king. "My court has been conducted in the wrong way. Hereafter everyone must work, myself, too, and learn the zest of longing before seeking to enjoy."

When this king died, as he did in the fullness of time, his people ever after spoke of him as the Great.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., WASHINGTON, D.C

DEALERS TAKE NOTICE—For sale or exchange, real estate preferred, fine stock crockery-ware, chinaware, glassware and granite and household stapleware; must sell quick; a beautiful line to open up for holiday trade. Call or write, 658 Walbridge ave., Toledo, O. Bell, 112.

PATENTS.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps. R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D.C., Dept. 12, Est. 1869

Patents and Trade-Marks. Our books for inventors free on request. Besler & Robb, 139-142 McGill Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS. "Facts inventors should know before applying for patent." Sent for 2 cent stamp. A. S. PATTISON, 628 F. St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

FITS Epilepsy. Only cure. I insure an entire and rapid cure to stay cured for life. I ask no fee. Dr. Kruse Co., St. Louis, Mo.

A Message to Manly Vigor Given by Mexican Ginseng Elixir or no pay. Brings development, health and vitality. Large box $1.00, 3 boxes $2.50. Generous sample sealed 20cts. Wentworth Co., Dept. C, 116 Nassau St., New York.

FARMS WANTED.

I WANT information about a good grain or stock farm for sale. I know of over 1,000 buyers, willing to pay your price. I can tell you how to find them. Write me about it and let's see if we can close up a deal. Address at once. Arthur Capper, Dept. 51, Topeka, Kan.

Arkansas Farms—Big list. Special bargains. Sent free. Write today. H. Riggs, Fayetteville, Ark.

HELP WANTED.

Government employes wanted, $900 to $1,500; September examinations everywhere. Write for schedule; preparation free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 32, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS—Portraits, frames, pillow tops, sheet pictures, etc., at low prices; rejections credited; 30 days credit; catalog and sample free. CULVER ART CO., DEPT. T. WESTERVILLE, O.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314 P. D., Kansas City, Mo.

WOULD YOU MARRY IF SUITED?—Matrimonial paper containing hundreds advertisements marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, young, old, Protestants, Catholics, mailed sealed free. D. G. Gunnels, Toledo, Ohio.

WRITERS WANTED To do copying at home. Art Institute, Lima, Ohio.

$10,000 FOR A SONG RECENTLY PAID
Send us your song poems for examination and offer. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co. Dept. 209, Washington, D.C.

$100 Monthly and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheffer, Treas., W-G 174, Chicago.

FIGHTING THE TRAFFIC IN GIRLS—Every parent will buy. Big money quick. Experience unnecessary. Outfit free. Star Publishing Co., 213 Madison St., Chicago.

Honey Freight prepaid 11c lb. Large Sample Calif. honey 10c. Spencer Apiaries, Box 74, Nordhoff, California.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

STEM WIND SET **WATCH** RING & CHAIN **FREE** FOR SELLING POST CARDS
We positively GIVE A GENUINE 20 YEAR GOLD FILLED CASE, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Fitted WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American make, guaranteed 5 years and a beautiful Ring set with an Im. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2, and we will positively send you this Watch, Ring & Chain. WILLARD WATCH CO., Dept. 931 CHICAGO

Two Places Named Jinksville.

Merchant—"I wish to transport some goods to Jinksville, and——"

Railroad official (irascibly)—"Well, why in thunder don't you go to the freight department?"

Merchant—"It's a large quantity of goods, and I wish to inquire about rates."

Official—"Go to the freight department, I say. Whatever the rates are you'll pay 'em or keep your goods at home. No reductions to you or anyone else. Hear that? Clear out, now."

Merchant—"The Jinksville I mean is not in this state, but the Jinksville over the line. There is a rival road running there, you know, and I can easily——"

Official—"Sit down, my dear sir, sit down, and let's talk it over. James, bring the gentleman a cigar. Henry, bring the gentleman a glass of champagne, George, tell the president one of our most valued patrons is here."

One Chance to Lose.

"Now that the Democrats are crowing over their prospects of winning the congressional elections," said Representative Butler, of Pennsylvania, the other day, according to the Popular Magazine, "I am reminded of what good old 'Ike' Hill, assistant sergeant-at-arms of the house, used to say on the eve of an election. Ike was a Democrat through and through, but he was a philosophical Democrat.

"When anybody asked him how he thought the vote would go, he would invariably reply:

"'By gosh! I think we've got 'em, if they don't buy us off.'"

NEWS OF THE HEAVENS DURING MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

By Prof. Eric Doolittle

THE bright planet Jupiter, which has been so conspicuous for many months, has at last drawn near the sun that it can no longer be observed, and the interesting planet ...rs, which even in the beginning of ...ember is hopelessly lost in the ...s rays, will pass west of that body ...rd the close of the month and be... a morning star. So that, except ... the little planet Mercury, which ... a few days after the first of Sep... may be detected shining out in ... sunset glow, not a single planet re... in the western heavens. But ...e east the most interesting planet ...ll makes the month notable by its ...nce into the evening sky. This ...he beautiful Saturn, which, with ... wonderful system of rings and ...erous moons, forms always an ab...ing object for study with a tele...e.

...though the Scorpion, which is the most striking of the summer constellations, is just sinking from view, and the first of the bright winter groups has not yet made its appearance, the September sky is full of objects of interest. First of all is the wonderfully complex branch of the Milky Way, which now forms an arch passing exactly through the highest point of the heavens. Extending along this are a series of most beautiful groups, from the Archer in the south to Perseus in the north, the Northern Cross now shining out directly in the zenith. These bright stars are very much nearer than the majority of the suns which compose the Milky Way. The latter are so far distant that the light by which we viw them certainly requires more than 1,000 years to come from them to us, and probably it has been several thousand years on its journey. On the contrary, the beautiful Altair, at C, Figure 1, is but 15 light years away from the brilliant Vega, at D, 33—distances which, since light travels 186,300 miles each second, are enormous, indeed, but which are small compared with the inconceivable extent of the cloud of more distant stars.

East of Cygnus is the great Square, of Pegasus, the diagonal, E F, of which points nearly to the variable star Mira. The observer probably noticed how brilliant this became during the first week of last month, when it grew brighter than the triangle of stars to the left of it. If he possesses a small telescope he should continue to watch its rapid fading away. It will probably become wholly invisible to him before the middle of September. This distant sun, which becomes suddenly bright at an interval of about 330 days, grew more brilliant this year than for several years previously, although it did not approach its brilliance of 1779, when for a few days it was one of the brightest stars of the heavens. The cause of these fluctuations, and, in fact, the cause of the remarkable periodic outpouring of light and heat itself, is not known.

Above the Great Square is the constellation Andromeda, of which the most remarkable object if the great Nebula, at H, Fig. 1. This is easily visible to the naked eye on a clear night. At all of the point marked L in this region beautiful clusters of stars will be found, and at the points marked K there are interesting double stars.

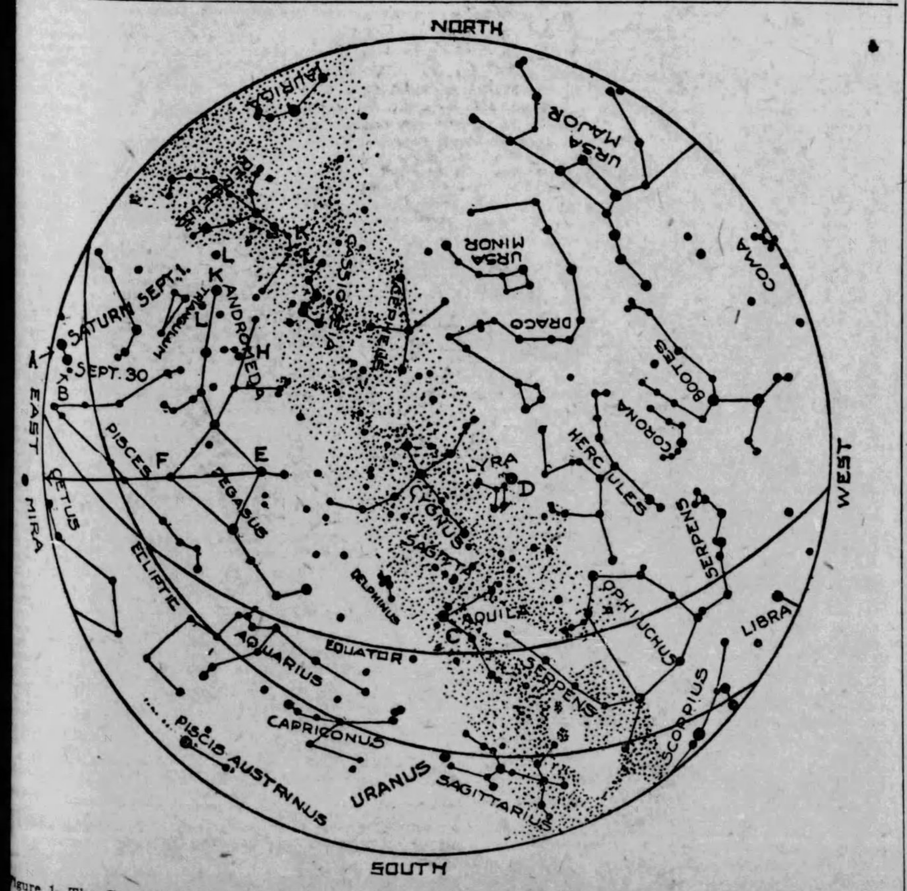


Figure 1—The Constellations, in September 1, 9 P. M. (If facing south, hold the map upright; if facing east hold ... below; if facing west, hold west below; if facing north, hold map inverted.)

The Planet Saturn.

At the beginning of the month this beautiful planet will be seen just rising above the ground in the east, and toward midnight it will shine out high up in the heavens, in excellent position for observations. Across the yellowish green ball there are now distinct shadings or bands which are darkest toward the pole, and surrounding the whole is the remarkable ring system. The rings are more widened out than at any other time during this year, their width appearing nearly one-third as great as their extreme length.

We thus have now an unusually satisfactory view of them. If the night is an exceptionally good one for observation the black division seperating the inner from the outer rings may be seen, but the much smaller outer division and the remarkable dusky ring, which is a very faint ring inside the inner bright one, require a large telescope. The observer should also notice how the lower edge of the ring casts a shadow on the planet, and also how the shadow of the ball falls on the ring, both shadows appearing perfectly black and sharp.

This planet is a great world, 73,000 miles through, but so expanded by its great heat that it is in a vaporous condition and lighter than if made of water. Our own little earth, which is doubtless solid to the center, is nearly six times heavier than if made of water. It is believed that this is because the larger worlds necessarily cool more slowly than the smaller ones. The rings are formed of an immense number of little meteoric particles, each pursuing its own path around the planet and forming, in fact, a little moon to Saturn, all being aggregated into a thin sheet 173,000 miles across, but less than 100 miles thick. The divisions in the ring are regions from which the particles are swept out by the disturbing pull of the larger moons.

A comparatively small telescope will show the largest moon of Saturn, named Titan, a world 3,500 miles in diameter and which is nearly 800,000 miles away from the planet. Far outside of this is the giant Iapetus, more than 2,000,000 miles away and 2,000 miles in diameter, while inside of Titan is the third brightest moon, Rhea, 1,500 miles in diameter. The others are too faint to be well observed except with a large lens. Titan revolves about Saturn in 15 days, 22 hours. It will be found at its farthest distance east on September 5 and September 20, and at its greatest distance west eight days later. Iapetus requires 79 days to make its journey about its orbit. It will be seen farthest east of the planet on September 5, and will pass Saturn in its westward motion on September 25. It is a remorkable fact that when it is east of Saturn this moon is much fainter than when west, which is believed to indicate that it always turns the same face toward the planet and that one-half of the moon is much darker than the other. The same is true of the new ninth satelite Phoebe.

Figure 3—The paths of the seven inner moons of Saturn as they appear at present in an inverting telescope, with the positions of Rhea and Titan on various dates.

The Planets.

Mars and Jupiter are much too near the sun in the west to be satisfactorily observed. The former becomes a morning star on September 27 and the latter on October 18.

Mercury, which was at its greatest distance east of the sun on August 30 will be clearly visible just after sunset for the first few days in September. It should be looked for very near the ground, a little to the south of the west point of the horizon.

Figure 4—Path of the new (10th) moon of Saturn as viewed from above, showing how it crosses the paths of Titan and Hyperion. This moon is too faint to be seen in any existing telescope.

Venus is a bright morning star rising in the northeast about one and a half hours before sunrise on September 1, and only 45 minutes before the sun on September 30. It will enter the evening sky on November 26.

Figure 2—The planet Saturn.

Of the two outer planets, Neptune is now a morning star, being still in the constellation Gemini. Uranus remains in the constellation Sagittarius, in the position shown in Fig. 1, though it is now at too low an altitude for satisfactory observation.

A Great Man's Tribute.

Lord Macauley, writing of his mother, says:

"Young people, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice and notice the feeling of even a touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother can bestow. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the deep sweet security I felt when of an evening, resting in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender, untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed since we laid her beside my father in the cold church-yard, but still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed by her memory."

FOR SALE—SEEDLESS APPLE TREES (Guaranteed Stock).
Did you know that a bushel of fine apples is worth as much as a bushel of fine oranges?
No Cores! No Seeds! No Waste!
Get

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Low-Priced Subscriptions

The life of a newspaper like The Weekly Blade is sustained by the revenue it receives from its advertising columns. Without advertisements it would be absolutely necessary for The Blade to more than double the present price asked for a year's subscription. Hence Blade advertisers are enabling our readers to obtain the greatest weekly newspaper published in the United States at a very nominal cost. But the advertisements have their own stories to tell. These stories are of interest to Blade patrons. They mean opportunities for satisfactory purchasing. The way to reach the advertiser is easy and simple. The cost amounts to no more than the price of a 2-cent stamp or a postal card.

Love letters never look good in print.

The man who ought to get out is usually the last to resign.

We don't understand that the center of population is crowded.

What we think we want most are the things other people have.

So far Mr. Roosevelt has said nothing that the average man can't understand.

Emperor William has fifty-eight palaces, but he can live in only one at a time.

King Manuel's rule is threatened, but fortunately he is young and unmarried.

Opportunity may knock at one's door only once in a lifetime. Bother is a regular visitor.

The kaiser declares that God gave him his crown. Germany, however, pays his salary.

To a granddaddy onglegs a family reunion looks just as good as an old-fashioned picnic.

President Taft has been looking up his family tree. It seems to have been a plum tree.

"A man took poison before his wife," says an exchange. A case of bad manners. Ladies first.

Meat is rapidly advancing in Germany. High prices are beginning to feel at home anywhere.

"The "chain prayer" has reached England. But the sinner who started it has not been discovered.

There'll be some excitement when Mr. Roosevelt and Uncle Joe Cannon try to pass on the same track.

There will be everlasting regret that Speaker Cannon didn't quit while he was everybody's Uncle Joe.

Some girls are so extravagant that they throw their gum away as soon as the sweetness is all out of it.

Mr. Rockefeller's quarterly dividend amounted to only $1,620,000, but he hopes to do better next time.

Many of the fashion notes concerning millinery seem to be written for the purpose of scaring the men.

Estrada appointed himself president of Nicaragua. He could think of no simpler way of getting the office.

Paris eats 200,000 horses a year. But Mr. Edison didn't have Paris in mind when he said that the horse must go.

The Standard Oil Co. is one of the few prosperous institutions that doesn't claim that it is losing money.

Honesty is an old theme, but the man who preaches it is pretty sure of vociferous applause from the multitude.

It may be a year or two before Prof. Garner's educated monkey tries to fill any chautauqua engagements.

Prof. Garner says he knows nine words of the monkey language. We know only six—"Is it hot enough for you?"

According to statistics Americans are worth $1,350 per capita. But statistics don't help the fellow whose pocket is empty.

In Paris even the cheaper cuts of horse meat cost twenty cents a pound. Enough to give a poor man a nightmare.

President Taft is not obstinate. He is willing that the best tariff law the country ever had should be made better.

With a vocabulary of only 20 words, Prof. Garner's educated monkey can never expect to hold her own at a club meeting.

The most careless woman lives in Chicago. She shot six times at a stranger, having mistaken him for her husband.

"Knee squeak" is the name of a new malady that scientists say is about to attack the human race. Please pass the oil can.

Speaker Cannon has announced that he will die with his boots on. And it may be added as a prediction that he will have a long black cigar in his mouth when the final political summons comes.

THE KAISER AND THE DIVINITY.

Kaiser Wilhelm bowed to the tempest raised by certain unfettered interviews published in England and given to the correspondent for a New York magazine. The kaiser's neck has, however, more of steel than of willow in it, and his head promptly sprang back, and since then he has seemed actually to bend backwards a little more out of the perpendicular than was usual. The emperor now shows his people that while he submitted to popular indignation in the instance of the injudicious interviews he was anything except converted.

The crown, says the kaiser, is no gift of a country, no accident of birth or blood, but the mandate of God Almighty. By the grace of heaven the house of Hohenzollern rules the destinies of the empire. Any talk of constitution is an assumption that men are greater than the divinity. Any interference on the part of a parliament or a people's assembly is interference with instructions from on high.

It is the business of this emperor to watch the destiny of his land with clear eye, to keep his subjects content with their institutions and emerged in the faith that a monarchy is the best sort of government ever conceived of. It appears to be no less his business to be picturesque, to keep the atmosphere of medievalism as intact as is possible in a country working night and day at making modern battleships and turning out socialistic philosophy and chemical marvels. The press of Germany is protesting loudly and sneering bitterly about this latest speech, but, unless the suspicion is far off the track, the mass of the people like the doctrine and subscribe to it gladly.

RUBBER ALDRICH.

Senator Aldrich, in answering the charges of Senator Bristow that he had amended the tariff in the interest of his own pocket, made a series of positive statements—that his Intercontinental Rubber company, of which he is a director, is merely an importing company and therefore could not benefit, but might lose, by an increase in duties, denying that the company "has any interest whatever, directly or indirectly, in any business except in the production of crude rubber. . . . and in the sale and delivery of its crude rubber product in available markets, both here and abroad."

The country was impressed by the convincing tone of the denial. The Literary Digest, which makes a study of newspaper utterances, says that "the preponderance of newspaper opinion seems to be that . . . . Senator Aldrich has triumphantly vindicated himself."

Samuel M. Evans, writing in the World's Work, has just cast some new light upon the subject. He does not pronounce the Intercontinental Rubber company a trust, but he shows that, by an ingenious system of merging, partly forced upon rivals at a disadvantage, the company gained control of the American market. Further, this company works in harmony with the company controlling the manufacture of rubber goods. Thus, the market is barred to competitors of the Intercontinental concern. The tariff, being raised on manufactures of rubber by Aldrich's direction, the trust in finished goods is bound the stronger by gratitude to buy of Aldrich's company only. Before the Payne law was passed the Intercontinental had paid only one dividend on its preferred stock in six years, 3½ per cent. In the first quarter of this year it paid 18.2 per cent.

Mr. Aldrich appears to have made it clear that a man can practice shameful deceit with no small success by adopting an air of candor.

PIG IRON MANUFACTURE.

The world produced 4,400,000 tons of pig iron in 1850. One gains an idea of the tremendous increase in the iron and steel industry by comparing that figure with a production of 59,889,000 last year and of 60,183,000 in 1907, the climax of prosperity before the panic.

Last year 25,795,471 tons of pig iron were made in the United States alone, more than the combined output of all the furnaces of Great Britain and Germany, the countries coming the nearest to rivaling America. If the American furnaces were working at their full capacity and should meet with no accident they could produce 38,144,000 tons, but as refining is made necessary occasionally and there are enforced stoppage in every plant from one cause or another, the actual capacity is placed by experts around 35,000,000 tons. With furnaces now building and those at present in blast the productive capacity of the United States next year will be in excess of 40,000,000 tons, or two-thirds of all the pig iron that was made in the year of greatest industry.

Consumption is not at present equal to the capacity to produce. But so quickly have many industries overcome the disadvantages of overproduction at times in the past and so accustomed has it been for the demand to catch up and pass manufacture that the pig iron market is scarce likely to suffer long from so-called heaviness.

THE CHANCES FOR MORSE.

Mrs. Charles W. Morse, whose husband is now paying the penalty for certain flagrant crimes and misdemeanors, has been devoting her days and her nights to awakening sympathy for him in order that the President, by mere pressure of influence, may be compelled to grant a pardon. Many other women have joined in this work and, so confident are they of final victory, that no less than eight of them have asked the privilege of carrying the order to the prison in Atlanta.

Mention has been made of the injustice to womanhood by the inference that Mrs. Morse was doing something extraordinary in the way of loyalty to her husband. But, in this instance, few will begrudge her that credit and, in any case, the injustice is not of her making. The fault to be found with the movement is that it may produce the end it seeks to. So ready of sympathy are Americans, so willing to forgive and forget, that it is not the least unlikely that Morse will be pardoned through the forces of petitioners who are appealing to the President. Morse was criminal in action and thought. He had no regret whatever for his wrongdoing, but whined that he did nothing which others had not done and for which they had gone unpunished. He took the ground that it was persecution to send a man to the penitentiary who had met his financial obligations. He virtually declared that as a great money-maker he was entitled to special privileges, in the matter of leniency under the law. Yet, bad as Morse is, it should surprise no one if he is set free—not now, but years before his term is up. The President of the United States is expected to be a bulwark everywhere except from the direction where the weight of public opinion comes. Our institutions demand that there he must be as yielding as putty.

LIGHT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

There is something very cheering in the case of the People vs. Joseph C. Sibley, purchaser of men. It is cheering because of all the states Pennsylvania has shown the least real desire to cast out political corruption, to punish the grafter and deal with sin in high places as if it were sin. Public conscience is awakening in Pennsylvania. There is promise now that a cure will be found for the ulcer of Quayism.

Sibley admits that he spent $32,500 in order to gain the nomination for congress, this time as a Republican—for Sibley has been twice a Democratic congressman and once he received the votes for nomination as vice president on the Democratic ticket. This $32,500 figures out $4 for each voter in the district. It will be Sibley's argument, of course, that his expenditures were legitimate, that every penny went where the law permits it to go. The defence would have but little standing in the average congressional district, but, though the conscience is stirring in Pennsylvania, it is too much to expect it to be out of bed and eager for work all within a few weeks. That defence may succeed in the Pennsylvania courts, particularly since Sibley has millions of dollars and some experience in the utility of legal technicalities, delays and subterfuges. Nevertheless, there is cause for jubilation. The school of Matthew Quay is falling into decay.

ROOSEVELT'S ADVANTAGE.

It is characteristic that Theodore Roosevelt should make his fight for progressive Republicanism in New York entirely in the open. The announcement of his intentions amounts to putting the plans of his battle in the hands of his enemies. He gives them the advantage of knowing what he is to do while they themselves can act the part of the whispering conspirators. But Roosevelt is shrewd enough to see that nowhere else than in New York is he more likely to confuse professional politicians by casting his cards upon the table face up. That is the game it is hardest for Woodruff and Barnes and the foolish young Wadsworth to play. It is out of their line, outside the routine of their training, beyond the capacity of their narrowed intelligence to grasp and overcome.

In the struggle Roosevelt may lose. He says himself that he may. But when he leaves the field there will be no camps for Woodruff and Barnes to pillage. They cannot follow up any victory which they may achieve.

But Roosevelt can follow up his victories—and assuredly will.

WAR RESTS IN NICARAGUA.

Peace, at last, spreads her mantle above Nicaragua. The little, saddle-colored soldiery will now go home, rewarded generously with the sense of duty done. The banana plantations will be cleared and once more the fruit trust will fix a top price of 1 cent per bunch. Exploiters will appear at the capital and arrange the division of graft in exchange for concessions. Bands will play of evenings in the plaza. The fashions of Paris will appear beside the fashions which consist principally of an enormous hat, a singlet, ragged pantaloons and a heavy callous upon the feet. Trollies will jangle their bells for ox carts to get out of the way and, if the day be pleasant, Senora, the wife of the president, will ride about and fill the simple populace with wonder as to the shade of complexion which may be under the rouge.

Great are the blessings of peace—especially in Nicaragua.

CLEARING THE AIR.

Momentous is a word that has lost its edge by overwork of late, yet it is the word exactly to fit the occasion of a distinguished traveler leaving home this day for a journey about his country. Many weeks the crisis of an announcement of singular importance has been approaching. Rumor, the chance accident of one small political maneuver, have hurried the crisis nearer in the last few days. It is now upon the threshold of official proclamation. The air tingles with momentousness.

The actual state of factional politics may not demand a declaration of views and a determination of position on the part of Mr. Roosevelt just now. But the country thinks it does. The country thinks that Mr. Roosevelt must get out of the middle of the road and climb the fence into one field or the other. The country thinks he must pin upon his breast one of two labels. And this is the time when the action is expected.

Our admiration for Theodore Roosevelt halts short of considering him in the light of another Man of Destiny. Yet there can be no doubt that the gravest issues rest upon the words he is to speak within the next few days. He will be frank. That is his policy. He will be bold to rashness. That has sometimes been declared his one gift of genius. But whatever the frankness, we know that conditions will somehow be more comfortable afterward. For the air has been too heavily charged and it needs clearing.

It is declared that Dr. Cook missed the summit of Mt. McKinley by seventy miles. Some day somebody will come forward with a statement that the doctor was never outside the state of New York.

NO CHANGE IN THE CENTER OF POPULATION

In the predictions as to the showing which the census figures would make there was one virtually agreed upon—that the center of population would be shifted some distance westward from its location in 1890, which was six miles southeast of Columbus, Indiana. But this prediction was one of the kind which goes wrong. The census people have tentatively announced that the mark will have to be moved but slightly.

The west has flourished tremendously in ten years. It has gained not only new railroads, but the old railroads have been renewed. Irrigation has caused new lands to be cultivated and new cities and towns to be builded. Such cities as Seattle have profited in wealth and population by the opening of new territory, the development of new resources, the filling in of the once deserted spaces between town and town. But in these same ten years an immense immigration has been distributing itself in the eastern cities—among the coal mines and steel plants of Pennsylvania, in the industrial districts of Lake Erie. It has offset the settlement of the far west.

While the west was being populated, so also was the east.

FOREST FIRES.

The forest fires are the more tragic because they need not be, if the word of expert foresters is to be taken. The United States government manages to keep the flames out of all the reserves which have been in its hands for any length of time. It keeps a jealous watch for any outbreaks, particularly during a dry season. It clears out undergrowth and destroys fallen timber. It builds wide fire guard lines and hews swaths through the forest where flames, once under headway, will stop for lack of material to communicate with. The government considers its forests as property to be valued and safeguarded, not as property to leave, as a mere matter of economizing on the wages of foresters, to the wisdom of campers, the skill of locomotive firemen in preventing sparks going out of smokestacks, the chance against sawdust taking fire spontaneously through chemical action, and the intervention of fate in the destructive course of lightning.

As the inhabitants of the region of the forest fires lose their all because private ownership is criminally careless, so must the general public also lose. There will be an echo to the millions of dollars' worth of timber destroyed in the prices which consumers will have to pay for lumber.

STEFFINS PIANISSIMO.

Mr. Lincoln Steffins, who leads the other muckrakers by about three-quarters of a mile in time and space, has started in to show up J. Pierpont Morgan. We have been worrying something about the power and intentions of this arch-combiner since he pulled some strings and drew the control of a couple of billions of dollars into his desk. When we began to read Link's exposition we expected to find goose-flesh language that would pleasurably confirm the dread of Morgan and his special form of economic disease. The best to be gleaned is "if he is the boss of the bosses in Wall street who boss the business bosses back of the political bosses all over the United States, then J. Pierpont Morgan is the boss of the United States." And that abruptly terminates the muckraking of J. P. Thenceforth until the publisher's announcement of the second installment, Mr. Steffins muckrakes the People, the Business Man, the Working Man, Us. Not another word, though plenty of pictures, of King Morgan.

Merely skimming through the advertising section of the magazine printing the Steffins expose, we catch glimpses of about a dozen or so of enterprises in which the house of Morgan is more or less directly interested. There are possibly more with which we are not acquainted, the complete ramifications of Morgan being known only to himself and his ministry.

As the court proceedings in Cleveland revealed, after Tom Johnson blew up, Link thoroughly understands when to toot the tuba fortissimo and when to play the clarionet pianissimo.

IRELAND AND GERMANY.

From Dayton comes a dispatch to the effect that the Ancient Order of Hibernians, at their convention there, had pledged themselves in alliance with the German-American league to oppose any closer treaty arrangements between England and America and further, in any case of hostilities between Great Britain and Germany, to take up arms with the enemies of Britain. This movement—so the dispatch says—is worldwide.

Complete verification of this story should be received before any credence is placed in it. It has certain indications of absurdity. But it would be interesting to speculate upon what course the Irish really would take in case Germany and England unmuzzled their guns. The first inclination would be to shout "hurrah" for the kaiser, the second to consider what plight Ireland would be placed in case Britain were conquered and her possessions came under German rule. What would Berlin make of the island? Would the colonial office there be any more in sympathy with the Irish cause than the parliament in London? Would home rule be brought any nearer or the evils of absentee landlordism be suppressed? The Irish would think about these matters with their second thoughts and then choose between the frying pan and the fire.

BRINGING BACK THE MORGAN HORSE

Thirty years ago half the farmers of the country, we truly believe, were ready to resort to fists to back up their claim that their horses were of Morgan strain. No matter if the live stock were as heavy as Norman draught animals, long or short of body, big-headed or little, broad or builded upon a curve like a hog-back railroad. It was Morgan breed and that settled it so far as argument went.

This idea, so deeply engrained in the minds of owners of horses, finally made a joke of the strain. It fell into disrepute at horse shows and show rings. There were breeders who declared with conviction that the Morgan horse was extinct—and with very good reason.

Back in 1857, D. C. Linsley write: If animals are selected for breeding which can make the best time in a mile we think the tendency will be to depreciate the value of the breed. Bred for that one purpose, they will lose some of their compactness, become more leggy and rangy and lack the stamina of the true Morgan.

It was thus that the downfall of the Morgan strain began, just as the shrewd Linsley forecast. As the courage, the fine gait and the endurance of the Morgan disappeared so fewer and fewer persons knew what the animal really was and more and more put forth mythical claims as to his existence and possession at every crossroads. It is said that at the St. Louis exposition the real Morgan was lost sight of among the numbers of Standardbred for whom Justin Morgan ancestry was claimed.

The department of agriculture has been experimenting with the regeneration of this breed and it has just issued a little pamphlet to encourage others in bringing again into being the likes of Champion Black Hawk, Ethan Allen and Daniel Lambert. No announcement is made of the success so far, but neither is there any mention of failure. So that wonderful breed, storied in history and tradition, the noble product of a section which bred noble men, as well as horses, may come back into its own.

CONSERVATION IN WALL STREET.

Mr. Jacob H. Schiff has been interested in the development of Alaska. We say development and not exploitation because a recent utterance of his clearly proves that he does not believe Alaska was made as a gift from heaven for Wall street financiers, that a profit of 5,000 per cent is the deserved profit of those who have managed to get their hands in the grab-bag. He says:

It appears to me that Alaskan resources, especially its coal and timber, could be developed under the control of a United States commission, something like the interstate commerce commission, a body which shall determine how fast coal may be taken out and timber cut, what royalty shall be paid to the government, and perhaps even what percentage of profits should be permitted to be made by promoters and corporations who desire to work these resources.

There are associates of Mr. Schiff in Wall street who must have been distinctly pained when they read this part of his interview. It was subscribing to the doctrine of conservation as boldly as Gifford Pinchot does and, as everyone knows, Pinchot is without the pale of all true high and wild financiers. But public spirit and the sense of patriotism have more than one roosting place. The best of the affair is that Mr. Schiff is a leader and where he goes many others must follow, whether their feet move willingly or lag like a school boy's in September.

Mr. Patten has sold his seat on the New York stock exchange for $70,000. That is more than any second-hand dealer would have given him for it.

The fellow who says that a man should not think of marrying on less than $10,000 a year should remain single. He has the wrong idea of matrimony.

Suffragists in the United States are going to renew their campaign during the coming winter months. This is offered as a timely warning to those who expect to try to escape.

Lovers of the horse will have to admit that there is one point in favor of the automobile. No matter how bad the flies it don't switch its tail over the lines.

Although he is not expected to bring rain to the dry places and dry weather to the wet sections, the country may feel much better after Mr. Roosevelt has crossed it.

One newspaper refers to him as "Old Joe Cannon," which is not only disrespectful but untrue. Mr. Cannon has not been old for 30 years.

If it is true, as a New Jersey man says, that mosquitoes eat plants, why do they sit on the screen door and dare humanity to come outside?

We wouldn't want to live in a land that flows with milk and honey. There would be so many flies there that life would be intolerable.

There are said to be a dozen different ways of getting to heaven. But does this dovetail with the straight and narrow path idea?

Dr. Parkhurst says: "Silence is a life preserver for most of us." But some people imagine they would die if they couldn't talk.

A FUZZY-WUZZY

A Stirring Episode of the Sudan in 1885.

Literary Digest.

Soldiers of Sir Gerald Graham's column, which was sent to relieve Gen. Gordon in the Sudan in 1885, not only faced death in battle but also ran the risk of being stabbed while asleep. The Arabs, or Fuzz- Wuzzles, as the troops called them, so hated the English that they would steal between the outposts nearly every night and spear soldiers as they lay asleep, caring little whether they themselves escaped, so long as they got the blow home. In order to make these attempts as difficult as possible the camp was surrounded by a zareba, which was simply thorn bush placed on a trench. One soldier wandered outside this defense, early one morning. He still remembers most vividly what happened and tells it thus in London Tit-Bits:

One morning, soon after the zareba had been opened, I went for a walk to stretch my legs. We had orders not to go far out and, when passing a set of scrub bush on the sand not more than 100 yards from camp, I noticed what I took to be a bundle of rags, never dreaming that a pair of sharp eyes were watching me from under them. I went to give them a kick, when up jumped a Fuzzy Wuzzy, speed in hand. I jumped to one side and the spear just missed my shoulder. For the moment this upset the Arab's calculation and gave me time to raise my right foot, clad in a heavy ammunition boot and kick his right shin, at the same time striking him on the jaw.

This brought him down on his knee, and in falling he dropped his spear, which I immediately kicked out of his reach, at the same time placing my knee between his shoulders and catching hold of him by his long hair. But he was a stronger and far more agile man than I, and I saw he would get the mastery. So I shouted for help. This, however, rather weakened my grasp and enabled Fuzzy to get his arm round my leg and insert his long, strong teeth into it. Then, with the help of his shoulders, he succeeded in throwing me heavily to the ground. He was up in a second, and as I was half stunned, he began to drag me by the leg toward his spear. I must here have lost consciousness, for the next thing I remembered was two men—I think they were Australians—supporting me. They had loosened my jacket, and were saying I was lucky, and what a daring fellow Fuzzy-Wuzzy was. But Fuzzy had vanished, leaving me the possessor of a bitten leg, a good shaking and his spear, which he did not succeed in obtaining. The leg I had dressed, and soon got over the shock, and the spear I still possess.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE DOOM OF A NATION

International Sunday School Lesson for September 4 Is, "Two Parables of Judgment," Matt. 21:23-46.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Before typesetting machines became common in newspaper offices, it was the practice of some compositors to keep standing certain common lines and phrases. They knew that, so stereotyped is human speech, they could insert these lines bodily with some saving of time and labor. I have thought of these compositors often when attending some religious meetings. For these seemed made up of left-over, shop-worn phrases. The freshness and life have gone out of them. They have all unwittingly become that odious thing, cant.

Religion has a tendency to run to words. Certain stock phrases become common. Glibness in conventional speech is a blight upon religious life. It was the same fatal facility in stereotyped phraseology that afflicted the active members of the Jewish church, and gave rise to the parable which the Sunday schools are now to study. The story of the two sons is a story of lip-service versus life service. The first son was told by his father to go work in the vineyard, but refused. Afterward he repented and went. The second son, with promptness and politeness said, "I go sir"—but went not.

Pious Verbosity.

The auditors of the parable praised the first son—until the Teacher pointed out that the second son represented their own case. They had been wondrously proficient in professions; never had religious phraseology been more luxurious than with them. But, lo, all the while they had been making this pious verbosity a test of ecclesiastical standing the publicans and the prostitutes had been going into the kingdom of heaven ahead of them. What a shattering blow to self-complacency!

The shock was meant to be wholesome. What if somebody should arise in prayer meeting and interrupt everyone who used carelessly the sublime phrases of Christian devotion with the challenge, "Do you mean that?" Would not the effort be as beneficial as it would be startling? We are very careless in the use of speech in this western world. We are in quite as much danger as those old Pharisees of putting words in the place of works. We are fond of taking religious pledges, and repeating solemn consecrations and lifting our hands in meetings in renewed vows. The peril that always awaits the glib and the stereotyped and conventional, of putting the form in the place of the substance lurks before our feet. The danger of becoming like the second son in the parable is a real one.

A story was told the other day of a South Carolina Scotchman who was an austere and reserved man. One of his descendants says that the only word of endearment he was ever heard to utter in addressing his wife was on his death bed when he commended her to the care of his adult sons in the words, "Margaret is a good woman, and I like her." We smile at the meagerness and caution of the utterance, but remembering that they had been preceded by a life of consistent devotion, are not the simple phrases more beautiful than the tropical ardor of the passages commonly read from letters in the divorce courts? Let us be a little slower to speak the great words, and a great deal more heedful in inner reality behind them. It is not "The most beautiful prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience," that moves God, but the sincere cry of an honest heart.

A Dire Warning.

Kipling derides the modern thought which substitutes for our first parents, "the yelk of an addled egg." Far worse than this tendency to make man of jellyfish origin is that which—if one may speak plainly without irreverence—would give to the universe a jellyfish God, without character or convictions, and easily to be placated and cajoled with cheap and sugary phrases. The teaching of Jesus that God is love is a strong and noble and divine conception; a popular perversion of this teaching, which strips the Deity of all His divine attributes and makes Him a characterless creature of man's vagrant will, is debasing and dangerous to the last degree. It needs to be met with such terrific parables of warning as Jesus spoke to the self-satisfied Jews of His day.

A story is often the best form of argument. So Jesus depicted the whole history of the Chosen People in the parable of the householder who, after making ready his vineyard, let it to certain husbandmen. But when he sent to receive his rental of the crops the husbandmen beat the servants, and otherwise ill-treated them, even to death. A second deputation of servants received like treatment. Then, confident of the respect that his own son's person would receive, he sent him. Then the wicked husbandmen crowned all by murdering the son, hoping thereby to secure the property.

The graphic story ended with the question, "What will he do unto those husbandmen?"

Quick came the answer from the interested hearers, moved by a Hebrew sense of justice and of the sacredness of porperty rights, "He will miserably destroy those miserable men, and will let out the vineyard unto other husbandmen, who shall render him the fruits in their season." Then upon their startled and incredulous ears fell the application.

When a Nation Is Rejected.

The imagination of the race has been gripped by the story of the handwriting on the wall—a rejected nation. So also by the similar case of the Jews. "The kingdom of God shall be taken away from you, and shall be given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof," boldly declared Jesus in the teeth of the Pharisees, as His application of the parable of the husbandmen. History has written that lesson large. The peculiar function of the Hebrew race has been lost. It no longer is the conserver and dissemintor of the truth of monotheism. It has ceased to be all a missionary religion. The lament of the rabbis, in which all thoughtful Christians join, is that the young men are slipping away from the faith of their fathers. The Jews in New York city alone who never attend a synagogue, or who openly avow their indifference to all religion number tens of thousands.

The dire thought of national rejection has entered the minds of many American and British Christians. England today may be said to be in a state of self-examination. She is asking herself if the decree of world leadership, and of religious liberty, is to pass from her hands. Other nations have had "Ichabod" written over their gates. The glory has departed from Rome and Greece and Turkey and Spain. What of Britain and the United States. At present they are the spiritual pioneers among nations. In no spirit of boastfulness it may be recognized that they have been a chosen people, with a world destiny. Yet selfishness, blindness, materialism and mere lip-service of the ideal which once ruled their hearts may rob them of their mission as truly as ever Israel was deprived of her peculiar place among the peoples of earth.

For God is just. He deals with nations as well as with individuals. Spiritual excellence is not an entailed inheritance. Each generation must tend its own altar fires. Each must know God for itself. His requirements must be met, not by the repetition of ancient formulas and shibboleths, but by vital, loyal service, in the forms of the present. Happy is that people whose thoughts of God and service of God are couched in the terms of the living now.

Twenteth Century Dugouts.

Harper's Weekly.

Dugouts are usually associated with bygone days, but they still figure in Maryland navigation. A few are even being made today. The dugout is the Chesapeake canoe of the Eastern Shore oystermen. It is made by placing three pine logs side by side and fastening them together with wooden pins. Then the inside is dug out with an adz and the outside similarly shaped. The result is a non-sinkable craft, with bow and stern alike, that is rigged with two sails and sometimes a "jigger" as well. From these boats the oysters are taken up with tongs. When the oyster season is over these canoes are painted and aquatic races are indulged in by the oystermen.

A Song of Harvest.

O painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank thee for thy wise design
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with thine.

And thanks that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born;
That he who smites the summer weed
May trust thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold, old knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven.
—Whittier.

THE RUGS OF PERSIA

Some Things About Them That You Probably Didn't Know.

Consul Frederick Simpich, Bagdad.

The shipments from Bagdad to the United States were more than for five years previous, though the supply of real antique Persian rugs is diminishing fash. About $50,000 worth of rugs came to Bagdad from Persia in 1909, of which less than one-fourth were old. Nearly all the genuine antiques, however, go to Americ. Shiraz, Hamadan, Tabriz, Kermansha, Bokhara, Kulyahi and Sina are the kinds of carpets mostly sent to the United States. The local prices paid for such rugs range from $2.60 to $3.70 per square meter for ordinary quality, $4.40 to $6 for better grades and $8.80 and upward for extreme fine antiques, all depending on age, quality and condition.

Cheap rugs, aniline dyed in imitation of ancient patterns are now manufactured in large numbers by a foreign firm at Sultanabad for export to Europe. They sell for much less than real Persian handmade carpets and are readily detected by rubbing with a moistened cloth, which reveals the aniline dyes by leaving a stain on the cloth.

Every district in Persia has its own style and design of rugs; yet the mere name is no guide to quality, as good and bad rugs are turned out in all districts. It is not easy to distinguish one rug from another by word description, but a feature of the Shiraz, Koordistan, Jaff, Kulyahi, etc., is that they are woven wholly of wool, while the Hamadan, Sina, Sultanabad, and Feraman are made partly of cotton. The dominant color of all Shiraz rugs and carpets is red, while the Bijars are blue and marine.

The choicest rugs are woven in silk and wool, and come largely from Kerman, Persia. Many ancient patterns, products of early Mohammedan days, as well as conventional flower designs, are seen. The color blendings are exquisite. These silk rugs are usually about 4½ by 7 feet, and are measured by the native "zar," a square measure of 20 by 40 inches. Sixteen stitches per inch are usually woven in the manufacture of rugs and carpets for export, though Persian rug fanciers insist on a finer weave. About 1,000 looms are operated by hand in Kerman, where the price for the better quality of carpets is nearly $5 a "zar." The estimated annual output of woolen rugs in Kerman is $200,000. The silk carpets of Kerman sell locally for about three times the price of woolen carpets, and in Cairo one silk rug from Kerman has been known to bring $500.

Small boys, working two or three at a time under a master weaver, turn out these valuable rugs. The master reads the pattern aloud to them, which they recite or repeat after him as they work. These formulae contain many words now obsolete.

The "shal" of Kerman—whence our word "shawl"—is made of goat's hair. Like the carpets, the shawl patterns are learned by heart, and the work is even finer. Children also do this work. It is estimated that Kerman turns out $300,000 worth of shawls, hand made, a year. The finest product is a fir-cone pattern, a rich color effect, made especially for the governor of the province, who wears it as a robe of honor on the Persian New Year's day.

RIVAL OF MOUNT EVEREST

Recent Measurements of High Peak of Karakoram Range.

London Daily News.

I mentioned some time ago that the Indian Survey had thrown doubt on the hitherto accepted figure of 29,002 feet as the height of the world's highest mountain, Mount Everest. This, however, did not mean that it was lower than that, but that so many things operated to prevent accuracy in the trigonometrical measurement of the summit that the height might be only 28,700 feet or as much as 29,140 feet.

Until quite recently, however, either of those values would have left Everest supreme, but a rather sensational statement by Dr. Longstaff for the first time places Everest second to the highest mountain peak.

Dr. Longstaff is a veteran Himalayan explorer, and he tells of a vast wall of peaks he discovered in the Karakoram range, northeast of the Saltoro Pass, one of which he roughly estimated to be over 25,000 feet high. On taking observations he made its height 28,200 feet, and later from more favorable positions, something like 29,000 feet.

Unwilling to dethrone Everest, Dr. Longstaff, it would appear, took the lowest possible value his observations permitted, and, as he is a most trustworthy authority where mountain heights are concerned, it is possible that this peak, which he has named Teram Kangri, will shortly take its place in geographies and atlases as the highest known mountain on the globe.

ALASKAN MOSQUITOES

The Far North Species Worse Than Any in Temperate Zone.

Kansas City Journal.

"Our summer lasted for three months and during that time by day as well as by night, we had the fight of our lives against swarms of mosquitoes, which for tenacity of purpose and endeavor cannot be equalled in this world, and I have seen a good deal of it in my 15 years as a soldier," said A. C. Gardner, sergeant of company C, Twenty-second infantry, at the Union depot, a short time ago. Sergt. Gardner was returning home to Milwaukee, Wis., after two years spent at Fort Gibson, Alaska, some 900 miles northeast of Nome, on the Yukon.

"The government maintains six posts in Alaska," continued Sergt. Gardner. "We had two companies at our post and did very little actual military duty. Our principal work was in keeping up the telegraph lines, which are owned by the government. The signal corps has large representation in Alaska and the soldiers frequently are called on to give that department assistance.

"I have fought mosquitoes in the woods in Wisconsin, in the flats of New Jersey, in the swamps of the Mississippi river and in the Philippines, but there are none that can equal the voracious species they have in the far north."

A Manche Harvest Custom.

London Globe.

An interesting ancient custom is observed in Manche at the harvest time. When the work is on the point of completion a sheaf of honor is made and decorated with flowers, which the farmer himself carries in procession, surrounded by the harvesters. Two of the party, under the pretext of sweeping the way, raise a cloud of dust. If in the progress the procession meets a stranger the girl offers him some corn from a pewter plate. If he accepts and makes them a small monetary present the girls kiss him.

But the principal ceremony is reserved for the repast, in which curds occupy a prominent place. When this part of the menu is reached the girls each choose one of the young harvestment and endeavor to force him to take a spoonful. If the attempt is a success it is taken as an offer of marriage on the man's part.

By the time the village blacksmith has familiarized himself with automobiles the flying machines will be stopping for repairs.

Varieties

Modern needles first came into use in 1545.

Efforts are being made to cultivate cotton in Hawaii.

The rural districts of Europe furnish the best soldiers.

There are almost 400 automobiles in use in Manila.

In Germany paper is used in the manufacture of false teeth.

London consumes about 14,000,000 tons of coal yearly.

A ton of ice will cool about 22,000 pounds of water one degree.

Nearly one-fifth of the death in England occur in public institutions.

The leather factories of England have a gross annual output of $125,000,000.

More paper is made in Holyoke, Mass., than in any other city in the world.

At Cleveland there is a complete plant for curing meats by electric processes.

Great Britain produces 1,900,000 tons of salt a year, all Europe less than 5,000,000.

The National Electric Light association has attained a membership of nearly 4,000.

Automatic machines have been invented which will thoroughly clean 3,600 fish an hour.

In a high-grade violin there are 70 pieces of wood of three or more kinds.

New York spends $3.38 per capita on its police force. Oshkosh, Wis., spends 40 cents.

Carborundum, the product of the electric furnace, is the hardest substance known.

Among the coke producing states Pennsylvania ranks first and West Virginia second.

Five patents upon safety razors have been granted to English women in the last year.

New York police records show that 65 per cent of all persons accused of burglary go free.

The commerce of the port of New York has had a growth of 62 per cent in the last 10 years.

The University of Santo Tomas, Manilla, is the oldest educational institution under the American flag.

Domestic exports in 1909 were: Cotton $24,299,000; wheat, $48,978,000; cotton, $461,877,000; oil, $99,749,000.

Vineyards in southern France are worth $240 to $400, and those of vegetable lands $400 to $800 an acre.

The motor omnibus is rapidly displacing all other vehicles for the cheap transportation of people in London.

The best market for young camels is Egypt, where many are purchased by the government for military purposes.

New York led the states in the number of inventors last year, residents of the Empire state obtaining 5,232 patents.

A beautiful garden has been cultivated on the roof of the West London police court by the housekeeper, Edward Swift.

The total frontage of Greater New York upon the water is 444.80 miles. Of this, 125.10 miles is available for shipping.

Japanese ships sailing to American ports carry no Chinese cargo, though few Chinese passengers are among their patrons.

A cast iron electro magnet, if of good quality, can be wound so as to carry 50 pounds for every square inch of cross section.

Palestine sheep have tails which are solid fat and weigh from six to eight pounds ordinarily. In Lebanon they often reach forty pounds each.

Inside the remains of a mammoth found in Siberia were vegetables hitherto unknown to science, evidently relics of the prehistoric animal's food.

Although the first American patent for a metal pen was granted a Baltimorean in 1810, it was half a century later that the industry began to flourish.

A Swedish inventor plans a method by which lighthouses may call out their names in stentorian tones instead of using the inarticulate howl of fog horns.

New York has grown faster than any other city in the world in the last half century. It has added 17,250 persons to its population every year since 1861.

Ground has been broken for the new library building at the University of Chicago, which is to serve as a memorial to the late President William Rain

AGENTS WANTED

We want men who are not actively engaged in business to act as our agents. We pay liberal cash commissions. Write for our catalogue and full particulars.

ON CREDIT

Buggies
Only $10. Cash.
Balance $5 a month. Warranted for 3 years.

Surreys
Only $25. Cash.
Balance $7 a month. Warranted for 3 years.

Farm Wagons
Only $15. Cash.
Balance $5 a month. Warranted for 3 years.

We trust honest people located in all parts of the world. Cash or easy monthly payments. Write for our free catalogue.

CENTURY MFG. CO.,
Dept. 877 East St. Louis, Ills.

SPECIAL NOTICE—With this issue The Blade begins the publication of a new series of patterns. Patrons are requested not to order from back numbers.

Toledo Blade Patterns

These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

6735—Boy's Blouse, 6 to 12 Years.

6720—Kimono with Pointed Yoke. Small 32 or 34, Medium 36 or 38, Large 40 or 42 Bust.

6710—Skirt with Pointed Tunic. 22 to 30 waist.

6704—Tucked Over Blouse, 32 to 40 bust.

6726—Girl's Dress with Bloomer, 4 to 8 years.

6717—Boy's Suit, 2, 4 and 6 years.

6702—Plain Blouse or Guimpe, 34 to 44 bust.

6707—Plain Fitted Corset Cover. 36 to 46 bust.

6748—Girl's Dress, 6 to 12 years.

6762—Child's Dress, 2, 4 and 6 Years.

Washington, August 24.—The federal census of Chicago for 1910 will show the western metropolis to have a population of approximately 2,135,000, according to the reports from authentic sources.

This is an approximate increase of 436,425 inhabitants in the last decade, or nearly 25 per cent.

TELLS OF DEATH FIGHT

Survivor Brings News of Foresters.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 27.—Walter Hess, a homeseeker, who was a member of a fire fighting crew on Big Creek, last night told how a dozen of his party were burned to death.

"Saturday afternoon thirty of us were stationed about 12 miles up Big Creek, under Warden Christy," he said.

"Below us about two miles was another small crew and together we were working to control a small fire. We had worked for some days in this way and had the fire pretty well surrounded. About 2:30 p. m. we heard a terrible roaring up on the ledge just south of us and before we realized it the fire had cut off our escape.

"Thirty men at the upper end of the fire all escaped, but all the poor fellows below were killed. Five of the men were killed by falling trees, and seven were suffocated and burned in a small cave where they had sought protection."

TO BAR SUFFRAGETTES

Conservation Congress Is Against Vote Hunters.

St. Paul, Minn., August 25.—The battle cry, "Votes for Women!" will not be heard in the second National Conservation Congress in St. Paul, September 5 to 9, if the officers of the organization can help it.

Bernard N. Baker, of Baltimore, president of the organization, has barred the women who want to vote on the ground that their organization is political.

Secretary Thomas R. Shipp, who has offices in the Minnesota state capital, where the preliminary work of the congress is being done, has been besieged by a delegation of suffragettes since word came from Baltimore that President Baker had placed a ban on the women.

"President Baker has ruled on the matter and I can do nothing," said Mr. Shipp, glancing at the door as if he expected the women to pounce upon him at any moment. "We will carry out his wishes to the best of our ability."

Asquith Will Laugh.

Premier Asquith, of England, no doubt will laugh with delight when he hears that the American suffragettes want to break into the conservation congress, just as they have been fighting to enter parliament. The officers of the conservation congress, knowing how the women outwitted Mr. Asquith and his aides, gained entrance to the closely guarded halls of parliament and chained themselves to seats, while not expecting any such strenuous efforts here, fear it is not improbable that some of the more daring suffragettes may attempt some maneuver that will result in their battle cry being shouted during the proceedings of the congress.

After the delegates to the congress are seated, the remaining seats, of which there will be several thousand, will be for the public and there will be no way to keep the women out of them. United States soldiers from Fort Snelling will be on guard—this arrangement was made before the suffragists demanded admittance—and will see that order is maintained. Should any belligerent woman about "Votes for Women," the soldiers will know what to.

HOKE SMITH IS WINNER

Comes Back and Defeats Brown, Who Beat Him.

Atlanta, Ga., August 24.—Progressive Democracy won a signal victory in Georgia yesterday when ex-Governor Hoke Smith was nominated for governor, defeating Joseph M. Brown, incumbent, for a second term.

Two years ago Hoke Smith was defeated for a second term by Brown, who had been dismissed by Smith from the railroad commission. Yesterday Smith came back and defeated Brown in a decisive manner. The issue was squarely between the progressive Democracy represented by Smith and "standpatism" represented by Brown.

Brown's victory two years ago always has been regarded as a fluke brought about by the panic. Smith's enemies charged he had brought on the panic and enough voters were influenced to insure Brown's victory by a narrow margin in a vote of over 200,000.

TAFT ON LONG MOTOR TRIP

Drives 85 Miles to Visit Secretary MacVeagh.

Beverly, Mass., August 27.—President Taft and Mrs. Taft started this afternoon on the longest automobile trip they have yet undertaken. A drive of 85 miles will bring them tonight to Dublin, N. H., where they are to be week-end guests of Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh.

Miss Helen Taft and Robert Taft were also in the party. It has not been determined whether the return trip will be made Sunday afternoon or Monday morning.

TAFT OPENS WAY TO REVISE TARIFF

Shows How It Can Be Taken Up Piece by Piece When Necessary.

Beverly, Mass., August 24.—President Taft's keynote for the coming congressional campaign became known here yesterday. The President will favor further revision of the tariff. While he is still convinced that the Payne-Aldrich bill is the best tariff the country has had up to this time, he has at last reached the conslusion that there is decided room for improvement.

Mr. Taft does not propose that business shall be upset by another wholesale revision, but he will recommend to congress that individual schedules in the tariff system be taken up separately and be disposed of on a scientific basis. The new revision is to be based upon the findings of the tariff commission as to the cost of production at home and abroad. Only a fair profit is to be allowed the American producer.

"Extortionate and unreasonable profits" the President declares, "are to be tolerated no longer."

The President has stated these facts and has outlined his position in detail in the letter he has sent to Representative McKinlay of Illinois for publication in the Republican congressional campaign text book. The letter was mailed from Beverly Monday. The time for making it public has been left entirely to the judgment of the committee.

Political observers regard this move as the shrewdest that has been made in this campaign. It offers an excellent opportunity for the insurgents and regulars to get together in the campaign and President Taft has been exceedingly anxious to find a ground upon which the different factions could meet without embarrassment to either.

The principal fight of the insurgents was upon certain schedules of the tariff bill. President Taft is meeting them more than half way in admitting that individual schedules need further revision. At the same time he is backing up the regulars in that he believes they did the best they possibly could with the unreliable information that was in their hands.

With the creation of the tariff board under the Payne-Aldrich act and the enlargement of its power by provision of the last congress, the President believes a way has been opened to put the tariff on a scientific basis for the first time in the history of the country.

The objection has been raised and urged upon the President that the opening of an individual schedule of the tariff would mean the possible throwing open of the entire tariff act, with another long debate and a stirring up of conditions generally.

Mr. Taft proposes to meet this with the recommendation to congress that before any schedule is taken up for further consideration a rule shall be passed both by the house and by the senate providing that amendments to a certain schedule of the tariff shall be in order, and that any amendments not germane to that particular schedule shall be declared out of order. It is believed that with a workable majority in the two houses of congress, and with the insurgents lined up with the regulars for the program outlined by the President, there will be little or no difficulty in putting through such a rule.

ENGINE ROMANCE ENDS

Man Who Wooed by Whistle Sued.

Pittsburg, August 25.—One of the most sensational romances in the history of western Pennsylvania was shattered today when, in the courts of Washington county, Mrs. Rose Cage entered suit for divorce against an engineer on the Washington & Waynesburg railroad.

Mrs. Cage six years ago was Miss Georgie Dunn, daughter of Thomas Dunn, the rich land owner for whom Dunn's Station, on the Washington & Waynesburg railroad, was named.

The road ran close to the Dunn house, and the daughter of the household became interested in Cage, the engineer who pulled the solitary train over the 40-mile line twice each way daily. Cage was forbidden the Dunn house, but the pair arranged a system of signals, he with his locomotive whistle, the maid with her apron by day and a lantern by night.

By this system they arranged to elope, which they did on July 5, 1905, going to Cumberland, Md. Miss Dunn on this occasion climbed to the engine and rode with her lover to Washington, Pa., where they took a train for Cumberland.

PROF. WILLIAM JAMES IS DEAD

Harvard Psychologist and Philosopher Dies.

Chocorua, N. H., Aug. 27.—Prof. William James, of Harvard university, one of America's foremost philosophers, died yesterday at his summer home here.

Although he had been ill for some time, his death was unexpected.

Prof. James had been at his summer home here only a week, having arrived at Quebec last Friday from Europe, where he had been abroad traveling for several months. He had gone abroad originally to be at the bedside of his brother, Henry James, the noted English author, who was sick.

Prof. James became ill about a month ago, and his further travels were shaped homeward by easy stages. The condition of the aged philosopher was not then considered such as to call for extraordinary measures, but at Quebec Prof. James was taken in care by his son, William James, Jr., and came immediately to his summer home here.

UNWRITTEN LAW FREES GIRL

New Orleans, August 24.—With the unwritten law as her plea, Mamie McLaughlin, 18 years old, charged with the murder of Hugh Smith, yesterday was declared not guilty by a jury.

The girl said she killed Smith because he had betrayed her. Smith was a politician and saloonkeeper. The girl, who is an orphan, was supported by the Era club, an organization of New Orleans women.

RICE LEAVES $500,000 ESTATE

Cleveland, August 29.—The will of William L. Rice, attorney and club man, who was murdered in the street near his home on the night of August 5, was probated today. It leaves an estate of $500,000 to his wife, Elise Gautier Rice, with the provision that she provide for the eldest daughter, Mildred, 18 years old. The three younger children will receive two-thirds of the estate, subject to the widow's dower rights. No clue to Rice's slayer has been found.

EAGLE CLAWS CAMPER

Swoops Down on Man Who Fights Hard.

New York, August 24.—Swooping down upon him while he was gathering driftwood on the shore below South Beach, S. I., a big black eagle severely clawed Henry Merritt, of St. Paul's avenue, New Brighton, yesterday morning. The huge bird was not driven away until 25 campers ran to the assistance of Mr. Merritt with sticks of wood.

Merritt, a railroad clerk, is one of a number of young men who are camping a half mile below South Beach. While on the beach he heard the flopping of wings and felt a tightening grasp on his right shoulder.

Badly Frightened.

As he struck backward with one hand he caught a glimpse of the eagle's wings. Frightened out of his wits he let out a loud scream. The eagle's talons sank into the skin while Merritt was fighting desperately to make it let go its hold. He struck the bird several times with a piece of wood, but it only held on the tighter and brought blood from both his hands with its beak.

Others campers frightened the eagle and it flew to a telegraph pole. None had a firearm and it sat there for some time before soaring away to the south. Merritt's wounds were cauterized by a physician.

MAY NOT GAIN CONGRESSMAN

Michigan Must Wait for Basis of Representation.

Washington, August 29.—Whether Michigan shall gain in her representation in congress because of her 16 per cent in crease in population will depend upon the basis of population which may be fixed.

At present, with a population of 2,420,932, the state has 12 members, which gives a large fraction of almost a hundred thousand over the number necessary to carry that number of congressmen. If the basis should remain as at present the fraction and the gain in population combined would entitle it to a membership of 14. With an increase of the base to 220,000, which is the most probable figure, the state would fall 50,000 short of the full number necessary to bring the representation up to 13; but with a major fraction amounting to more than 170,000 there could be little doubt that an increase of one would be allowed.

LAWSON RECALLS SIREN

Titian-Haired Beauty Who Wrecked Millionaires.

Boston, Mass., August 29.—A ravishing, Titian-haired beauty, the most remarkable woman in America, used as a tool by the Standard Oil Co., has wrecked millionaires, upset the stock market, made United States senators and played a leading part in international politics, according to Thomas W. Lawson.

Lawson revealed a story of this woman today in commenting on a charge made in New York by Mrs. Lillian Hobart French that F. Augustus Heinze's secrets were betrayed to No. 26 Broadway by a woman whose blandishments won them from him. The woman, according to Lawson, has played a leading role in more than one financial crisis, and her career has been more remarkable than that of many of the heroines of history who figure in the lives of diplomats.

"I am astounded that her personality has never before been brought into print," he says.

Mrs. French's disclosures of the financial betrayal of Heinze, Lawson says, are facts. He declines to reveal the woman's identity, but declares her coup is crushing. Heinze was only one of her ventures in which powerful rivals of the Standard Oil were beaten to earth.

"She not only crushed Heinze," says Lawson, "but another rival fully as powerful."

BARBERS PLAN WAR ON GERMS

Put Ban on Sponge and Endorse Individual Towels.

Pittsburg, August 29.—A clean towel and wash rag for each patron, the elimination of the sponge, dread carrier of loathsome germs, and the enactment of laws to bring about these reforms, are among the demands made at the gathering of the National League of Barbers, which opened a three-day convention here today. Delegates numbering over 200 are in attendance. The organization is composed of master barbers, owners of shops, who are pledged to carry their demands to their various state legislatures and secure national legislation affecting their business.

BALLINGER REPORT IS SLOW

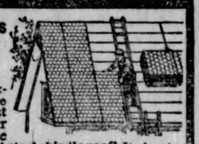
Senator Nelson Says It May Be in Decembeer.

Alexandria, Minn., August 30.—Senator Knute Nelson, chairman of the joint congressional committee appointed at the last session of congress to investigate the so-called Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, said today that he has not yet received word from any members of the committee as to whether they will attend the meeting of the committee to be held in Minneapolis, September 5.

Senator Nelson said that the meetings will be held for the purpose of considering the evidence submitted at the investigation. He thought it possible, but not probable, that a report would be made public at that time. If the report is not made public next week it will be given out when congress convenes next December, he said.

STEEL SHINGLE ROOF DEFIES WEAR!

The Nation's Roofing Sensation!



For cash expended the farm's biggest money-maker today is the famous "REO" steel shingle roof! It shoots up farm values the instant farm buildings are crowned by the handsome, wonderful, indestructible "REO" steel shingles! Put on a "REO" roof at manufacturer's factory-to-Farm prices!—half the cost of best wood shingles!

Edwards "REO" Steel Shingles

outlast the buildings themselves. One "REO" roof outwears four wood roofs! Outwears SIX composition roofs! Cuts fire insurance rates, because absolutely FIRE-PROOF! A $10,000 Bond GUARANTEES you against money-loss from lightning!

WRITE FOR CATALOG 965. NOW! Our handsome roofing catalog will reach you by return mail—it's FREE! Better write TODAY for it and save a lot of roof money! Address (24)

The Edwards Manufacturing Company
The World's Largest Manufacturers of Steel Roofing, Metal Shingles and Metal Ceilings
925—965 Lock St. Cincinnati, Ohio

DEAFNESS CURED

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they may be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 6838 Bank building, Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

HERO SAVES HIS TRAIN

Engineer, Boiled by Steam, Sticks to Post.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 29.—Israel Brandt, engineer of Pennsylvania train No. 8, will be remembered as a hero by hundreds of passengers in the 11 coaches and sleepers which pulled into the Fort Wayne station yesterday morning.

Brandt was almost parboiled when a steampipe in his engine exploded as the train came within sight of the station. Shouting "Jump, Van, jump," to his fireman, Thomas Van Arsdale, the engineer stuck to his post and offered his own life to save many. Before he could stop the train the outrush of steam blew off the top of the cab.

Think Engine Is Running Wild.

Waiting passengers and trainmen at the station saw a form shoot from the engine and railroad employes raised the cry, "She's running wild," thinking both engineer and fireman had jumped and that the speeding express was headed for destruction toward the bridge over the Allegheny river and the union station beyond, with hundreds of switches and danger spots and no one on the locomotive to heed.

But instead, after going a few hundred feet, the train slowed down and stopped.

Then a 200 pound hero pushed through the steam-filled cab door and trying to grip the brass engine railing, fell unconscious on the track. It was the engineer who had stuck to his post and stopped the train. Brandt was hurried to a hospital, where it first was believed he had given his life, but tonight physicians say there is a chance for his recovery, although there are few places on Brandt's body which the steam did not sear.

According to the fireman's story the trouble with the steam pipe was first noted at Sewickley, several miles west of Pittsburg, and the engineer crowded on speed.

"Pray for the station, pray, pray!" he cried to the fireman. "Think of the hundreds behind."

Within a mile of the depot the leak became worse. As the train rounded into sight of the station the explosion occurred.

FIRES REVOLVER IN VATICAN

Former Franciscan Friar Said He Desired Attention.

Rome, August 29.—A former Franciscan friar named Beltramini created a panic in the Basilica of the vatican during vespers yesterday evening by firing three shots from a revolver into the air.

The worshippers fled from the church and the services were suspended. Beltramini, who was arrested, said that he desired to attract attention with a view to securing reinstatement to the priesthood.

CHOLERA IN GERMANY

Government Prepares to Fight the Plague.

Spandau, August 29.—A fourth suspected case of cholera developed here today, the victim being a police sergeant.

Prof. Lentz, chief of the bacteriological bureau of the government institute for infectious diseases at Berlin says that unfortunately there is no doubt that the suspected cases at Spandau are cholera, the origin of which has not been traced.

Far reaching measures are being taken to prevent a spread of the disease. The authorities are preparing notices to the public suggesting that drinking water be first boiled and that particular care be exercised in the use of cold food and fruits.

Contagion Danger Little.

The public will be assured that there is no danger of infection through the air or from simply being in the vicinity of indirect contact with physical excretions from the victims that cholera is likely to be contracted.

The Cholerais association for first aid and the Red Cross society have prepared for a possible epidemic with a large enrollment of physicians and nurses, and improvised ambulances. Physicians have been assigned to duty at all the railway stations, and along the frontier so that they may give immediate attention to arrivals showing symptoms of illness.

CRIPPEN AND GIRL BACK

London, Aug. 27.—Owing to their late arrival in London today, Dr. Crippen and his former stenographer, Miss Ethel Leneve will not appear in the Bow street police court for arraignment on the charge of being fugitives from justice before Monday. The prisoners will in the meantime be detained in cells in the Bow street station.

At Liverpool Inspector Dew made use of a simple ruse to attract the attention of the crowd to the bows of the Megantic and while all interest was concentrated on that end of the steamer succeeded in disembarking his prisoners from a gangway at the stern of the ship, scarcely attracting any attention. Dr. Crippen and Miss Leneve were placed in a specially reserved saloon car of the train, all the blinds of which were drawn.

Both Dr. Crippen and Miss Leneve were in excellent health. The Megantic, it was stated, had had an unusually good voyage.

SUICIDE CHARGED TO QUAKE

Pittsburg, August 29.—George W. Cunningham, a lawyer, aged 30 years, formerly of San Francisco, who lost all his property in the great earthquake, lost his courage yesterday and committed suicide by hanging in the police station at Monesen, where he had been taken for drunkenness. The despondent young lawyer had recently been compelled to work as a wire drawer in a steel mill here.

TAKES LAST STEP IN GETTING KOREA

Japan Communicates Text of Convention to Representatives of Powers.

Tokio, August 24.—The text of the convention, under which Korea is annexed to Japan, was communicated at 11 o'clock this morning to the representatives of the powers.

The document, which, according to now established facts, was signed August 22, will be effective when officially promulgated. This will occur, according to some of the ministers, August 29, or August 30, when the independent existence of the Hermit Kingdom, the struggle for whose control started the Russo-Japanese war, will cease.

Baron Hirata, minister of the interior, summoned the proprietors of all the Japanese newspapers to his cabinet today and requested them to publish no unauthorized information regarding the situation in Korea. He pointed out that such publication under existing conditions would only make the task of the Japanese government in carrying out the annexation more difficult.

Fear Some Disorder.

The newspapers agreed to his wishes and nothing regarding the annexation, beyond official statements will therefore be published here before the publication of the promulgation of the convention.

The Japanese government, which has a large number of representatives already in Korea, will be prepared to take over the machinery of administration in Korea without any delay. Considerable uneasiness is reported at Seul owing to the circulation of threats of disorder following the annexation. These emanate, according to the view taken here, from malcontents who have not received consideration which they think their due in the provision made by the convention for the future of the Korean royal family, nobles and officials. Sporadic outbreaks in protest against the absorption of Korea by Japan are anticipated but serious rioting or even widespread objection from the Koreans to the annexation are not expected.

ROOSEVELT LINES UP AGAINST BOSS

Carroll, Ia., August 26.—Theodore Roosevelt definitely aligned himself with the progressives of New York state in a statement which he issued on the train today as he was traveling across Iowa.

Col. Roosevelt declared that the main issue in the fight in New York was not any specific reform measure, but bossism. Bossism, he declared, frequently led to corruption, and he said he would wage ruthless war on corrupt alliances between business and bosses. Col. Roosevelt was asked about remarks by Timothy L. Woodruff, New York Republican state chairman, in regard to the factional fight in New York. In reply, he issued this statement:

Want Direct Primaries.

"The progressives are emphatically in favor of taking a real step forward about direct primaries, substantially on the lines of Gov. Hughes' proposition, but this is not the main issue. The main issue is that we stand against bossism, big or little, and in favor of genuine popular rule, not only at the elections, but within the party organization, and above all, that our war is ruthless against every species of corruption, big or little, and against the alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics as to which it has been found that too often in the past the boss system has offered a peculiarly efficient and objectionable means of communication. We are against the domination of the party and the public by special interests, whether these special interests are political, business or a compound of the two."

NEWPORT WIVES USE CANES

Fad Is Restored by Mrs. Havemeyer After Three Years' Absence.

Newport, R. I., August 30. — Once again the cane fad has been restored among women after three years' absence and brought back to Newport by Mrs. Frederick C. Havemeyer, formerly Mrs. William R. Travers, who uses it for her walks to and from the Casino, riding during the afternoon and when she attends dinners with Mrs. Havemeyer. Mrs. Havemeyer walks considerably and is always accompanied by her Boston bull and cane. Mrs. J. Mallory always used a cane up to three years ago, because of her extensive daily walks. Now that Mrs. Havemeyer has renewed the walking cane fad, others are sure to follow.

REVOLVER IS A NEW CLEW

Identify Gun Owned by Man Found Dead.

Washington, August 30.—A revolver which has been identified as one owned by Norval Harris, the young inspector of the city street cleaning department, whose lifeless body was found in a vacant lot here Sunday morning, was discovered in a local pawnshop.

Harris had been shot through the head. A pistol holster was in his pocket, but there was no weapon near the body. No trace has been found of the author of a note addressed to "Dear Brother," in which the unsigned writer said she had married Harris. The police have about dismissed the suicide theory entertained by some of the officials for a time.

The Parting.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"It may be for years and it may be forever," the young man sadly speaks.

"Bosh," says the girl, "you're the softest ever; it's only for two weeks."

Wanamaker's

New York Fall Catalog will be ready Sept. 5.

It is an excellent Guide Book of New York and Paris wearing apparel.

We pay postage on mail shipments of $5 or more.

See Catalog for Freight and Express Free Delivery terms throughout the U. S.

Just write us: "Please send Free Catalog No. 58"

John Wanamaker
New York

A Fine Home Like This

Made of cement blocks, complete with every modern convenience, can be built for a surprisingly small sum of money on the average farm. The best grade of Portland Cement is very cheap. Almost every farmer owns or has easy access to a sand pit, a gravel bank, or a stone quarry, so that the material aside from the cement costs him nothing but the hauling. With the aid of our low cost cement working machinery the finest building blocks, porch column blocks, chimney blocks, sills and caps, may be made at odd times when there is nothing else to do on the farm and under these conditions a block 8x8x16 inches in size with almost any style face desired, either plain or ornamental, may be made for just a few cents and when these blocks are put into walls for houses, barns, graneries, carriage houses, cow barns, silos and other farm buildings, you use material which grows stronger with age, which is fireproof, which is easily handled, and which is coming more and more into use among farmers everywhere, as it is the cheapest and most satisfactory building material now known.

This is the age of cement, it is used on the farm for all building purposes, for fence posts, for water troughs, for feeding pen floors. It is practically indestructible, any man of average intelligence can use this material successfully. It is cheaper than wood, brick or stone in first cost and it is more durable than any other building material. We are large handlers of high grade cement working machinery of every description. We have a cement building block machine as low as $16.40, which is just the thing for the farmer to use around the place for making building blocks, foundation blocks, etc., and from this low cost, dependable machine we carry other styles ranging up to the adjustable automatic machines which make all sizes and styles. We sell silo molds and silo machines, chimney block machines, porch column molds, sill and cap molds, tile molds, fence post molds, concrete mixers, concrete workers' tools,—in fact, everything to be used in connection with cement, all at prices much below those asked by other dealers.

Send for Our Cement Machinery Catalogue

We have just issued a new catalogue listing our entire line of low cost guaranteed cement working machinery. It not only lists everything you will need in building with cement, but it also gives you much interesting information which every farmer ought to have. This catalogue is fully illustrated and gives quotations which will interest every farmer, contractor, and builder, because they are so much below the prices asked by manufacturers for machines of equal quality. We sell cement block machines for one-third the prices asked by some manufacturers and dealers for machines which will not do better or faster work or make a more satisfactory block. Don't buy cement machinery of any kind until you have written us a letter or a postal card and asked for a copy of this free catalogue. See what we offer you, note our prices and you will be surprised to learn how inexpensive our machines are, how much you can save by making your own cement blocks, drain tiles, fence posts, etc., simply by working at odd times when there is nothing else to do on the farm and using the raw materials which you have close at hand simply for the hauling.

Write us a letter or a postal card at the store nearest you, 19th and Campbell streets, Kansas City, or Chicago Avenue Bridge, Chicago, and we will send the book by mail, postpaid, at once.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
CHICAGO AND KANSAS CITY
112

DICK CITED BY COURT

Sheriff Can't Find Property to Satisfy Judgment.

Akron, Aug. 27.—According to Sheriff Dan Stein, of Summit county, Senator Charles Dick does not possess a single dollar's worth of property in this county, and because the sheriff made such a return upon an execution issued against the Senator, Probate Judge O. E. Lytle, yesterday ordered Senator Dick to appear in probate court, Monday afternoon, to answer questions concerning his wealth, or lack of it.

Attorney C. T. Grant, July 15, obtained a judgment against Senator Dick for $4,066.46, together with the costs amounting to $14.42. The judgment was based on several notes said to have been delivered by Dick to the Security Trust & Savings Co., a banking corporation of Zanesville.

On August 19 the sheriff returned the papers with the note written across the back: "I have been unable to find any goods, chattels, lands or property, whereon to levy, to satisfy this judgment or any part of it."

All of the officials and attorneys interested in the case are Republicans.

Denies "In Bad" Story.

Returning from Columbus yesterday Senator Dick gave an entirely new aspect to the story published several days ago that President Taft had put him in the same class with Vice President Sherman, for alleged misuse of the President's name in connection with the selection of a state chairman. It was said that President Taft had written a letter to an Ohio Republican denouncing Dick for intimating in letters to Ohio Republicans that the selection of Carmi A. Thompson for state chairman would be to the liking of the President.

"I never wrote a letter to a man in Ohio intimating that Thompson would be satisfactory to the President, and further than that, you can say for me that President Taft never wrote a letter to an Ohio man censuring me for alleged misuse of the President's name. I have positive assurances that Taft never wrote such a letter. It was clearly a piece of newspaper fiction circulated for political effect."

Senator Dick's stay in his home city is not being made a pleasant one by any means. What with a sheriff nosing around for visible property and a judge citing him to appear in court to show where his property is, his uneasy moments have been increased by Ohio C. Barber, match king, who is still bombarding the senator with challenges to debate the latter's qualifications for a return to the United States senate.

MICHIGAN HAS 2,810,173

Monroe County Is Credited With 32,917.

Washington, August 27.—The population of Michigan state is 2,810,173, in increase of 389,191, or 16.1 per cent, as compared with 2,420,982 in 1900.

The population of Monroe county, Michigan, is 32,917.

DRESS REFORMER DIES

Middletown, N. Y., August 27.—Dr. Lydia Hasbrouck, a pioneer in the dress reform movement, is dead here at the age of 83. Following Mrs. Bloomer in 1849, she adopted the Bloomer costume, consisting of long velvet trousers and short skirts.

The costumes caused her much inconvenience, for she frequently was refused admittance to public places, but she continued to wear it until her death.

WATCH FREE FOR SELLING POST CARDS

RING & CHAIN FREE

Send name and address and we will send you 20 of the handsomest, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American movement, guaranteed 5 years and a beautiful Ring set with an Im. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high class post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2 and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring & Chain. WELLS MFG. CO., DEPT 928 CHICAGO

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Dresden Safety Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 6 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 38 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 22, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

MARRY Book of description and photos mailed sealed. FREE. THE EXCHANGE, Box 829 M. O., Kansas City, Mo.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED—Safe, pleasant, permanent home treatment. Physicians astounded. Greatest discovery of century. No risk, no fighting. Full instructions. Ni-Ke Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

AN interesting astrological reading containing advice on business, health, love, marriage, friends, enemies, changes, etc., sent for 10 cts. and birthdate. Harrison J. Avers, 3311 4th st., Toledo, O.

A SECRET FOR WOMEN will be found in our catalog for rubber and toilet necessities. Send 2-cent stamp. Fairbank Supply House, A. N. Wabash, Chicago.

LADIES, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. Size "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

COMPANY WINS TIN STRIKE

15,000 Men Go Back to Work—Cost Workmen $1,000,000 in Wages.

Pittsburg, August 25.—At noon yesterday the strike that has existed since last July against the American Sheet & Tin Plate Co. in three states was declared off and on Monday 15,000 men will resume work. This is a victory for the company.

The labor dispute between the Amalgamated association and the American Sheet & Tin Plate Co., which cost the workmen $1,000,000 in wages, originated about nine months ago, when the corporation declared for the open shop. When the declaration was made by the company the men objected and struck for recognition of the union.

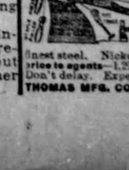
The plants affected included those at South Sharon, Pa.; Martins Ferry, O.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Connellsville, Pa.; Cambridge, O.; Muncie, Ind.; Elwood, Ind.; Gas City, Ind.; Struthers, O., all under the direct control of the American Sheet & Tin Plate Co. Other plants were the Youngstown Sheet & Tin Plate Co. and the La Belle Iron works, of Steubenville, O.

KOREAN PRISONERS RELEASED

Tokio, August 29.—The emperor of Japan has dispatched a delegation of notables to carry a letter from his majesty to the former emperor of Korea.

It is announced that 900 prisoners in Korea have been released. No report of disturbances following the annexation of the kingdom to the empire has been received here, according to official announcements.

AGENTS—$33.30 A WEEK



Jack Wood did it! He writes—"Harry 98 more sold 1st 10 in 2 days—best seller—over saw. Wonderful money saver and coining money." $3.60 worth of tools for the price of one. Drop forged from finest steel. Nickel Plated all over. Astonishing low price to agents—1,200 ordered by one man. Write at once. Don't delay. Experience unnecessary. Sample free. THOMAS MFG. CO., 2275 Wayne St., DAYTON, OHIO

NEW STEEL ROOFING

STEEL SIDING $1.85 PER 100 SQ. FT. LOOKS LIKE BRICK

$1.60 PER 100 SQ. FEET

With ordinary care will outlast any other kind. Thousands of satisfied customers everywhere have proven its virtues. Suitable for covering any building. Also best for ceiling and siding. FIRE-PROOF AND LIGHTNING PROOF. Cheaper and more lasting than shingles. Will not taint rain water. Makes your building cooler in summer and warmer in winter. Absolutely perfect. Brand new. $1.60 is our price for our No. 10 grade of Flat Semi-Hardened Steel Roofing and Siding, each sheet 24 in. wide and 6 ft. long. Our price on the Corrugated, like illustration, sheets 22 in. wide and 6 or 8 ft. long, $1.85. Steel Pressed Brick Siding, PER SQUARE, $1.85. Fine Steel Beaded Ceiling, PER SQUARE, $1.85. Also Furnish Standing Seam and "V" Crimped Roofing. WE PAY THE FREIGHT to all points east of Colorado except Oklahoma and Texas, and Ind. Ter. Quotations to other points on application. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED. We ship this roofing to any one answering this Ad., C. O. D., with privilege of examination if you send us one quarter of the amount of your order in cash; balance to be paid after material reaches your station. If not found as represented we will cheerfully refund your deposit. ASK FOR 1000-PAGE FREE CATALOG 797. Lowest prices on Roofing, Wire, Pipe, Plumbing, Doors, Household Goods, Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoes, Groceries, etc.

Chicago House Wrecking Co., 35th & Iron Sts., Chicago

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

EARNING THEIR WAY

Here is a Real-Life Glimpse which I could not possibly give you, therefore, with my hand on my heart, I shall back clear off this corner of the page, to make room for Mrs. William Reimann, of Western Oregon. I hope you will like her. I do.—Yours truly, Elizabeth.

Now, kind friends, I shall relate to you some of my experiences and how my husband and I started to carve out a living after our marriage.

We were married about 40 years ago in Michigan. We have had 13 children, eight boys and five girls; 10 of them, seven boys and three girls, are living. My parents were poor and the dowry I brought with me was the clothes I wore. My husband had just bought 80 acres of state land, and, after staying with my relatives for a short time, we moved on the land. At the time I am writing of the part of Michigan where we lived, Huron county, was an unbroken forest. The first shelter we built for ourselves consisted of four forked sticks, stuck in the ground, with poles laid across the top. My husband peeled some hemlock bark to cover the roof, and split-shakes constituted the walls. The cooking was done outside. Our bread we baked at a neighbor's who had settled about a mile from us the preceding summer. Two neighbors, the only ones for several miles around, helped my husband to clear two acres of land and to build a small log house and stable.

The other scattered settlers in the neighborhood were as poor as ourselves. None of us had either horses or wagons, nor had we any use for them, as the so-called roads which wound their way between gigantic hemlock, pine, beech and maple trees were mere streams of mud eight months of the year. The sun never penetrated their dense foliage. There was no feed for horses, so every settler, including ourselves, had a yoke of oxen. For these we built a short, stout sled called a jumper. The first crops we raised were wheat, potatoes and turnips. The wheat was either threshed with a flail, or tramped out by oxen. This done we put three sacks of wheat on the sled, hitched the oxen to it and started to the grist about 11 miles distant. At some places the oxen wallowed in the mud up to their bellies, but the sled, with its wide wood runners, skipped over these places easier than on the hard ground. The mill was a grist and shingle mill combined. When a settler appeared with a few sacks of wheat the shingle mill was stopped, the belt was slipped on another pulley, and, presto! the grist mill was in operation.

The oxen were fed mostly on straw and turnips, but long before spring the straw usually gave out and we ran short of turnips. In this dilemma we fed them on "browse," which means cut down maple, black ash or basswood trees. The cattle ate the twigs, even to the size of a man's little finger.

The second winter my husband and I went to work in the lumber camp, while his father stayed on our farm to attend to the oxen and the little red cow. My husband had secured a position as foreman, and I was to do the cooking for the crew. In moving to the lumber woods some time in October, when within about two miles of camp, where the land was low and swampy, the horses mired, and we had to unload and have the team taken back. The whole load of supplies, including the cook stove, had to be carried by the men to the camp. I had not been informed of this stretch of swamp, and was undecided whether to turn back or try to reach the camp. However, as matters stood, I decided to stay with the crowd. Taking my baby boy, 6 months old, in my arms, I waded through behind the men. They were unable to assist me in carrying the little one, being overburdened themselves. When at last we reached the camps I was a sight to behold. My shoes were full of mud and water. My clothing was wet and bedraggled, and I was about tired out. The men at once went to work with a will. Some set up the cook stove. Others chopped wood. Some carried in the wood and water. Others started a fire in the big fireplace in the men's camp, while others unpacked the supplies.

After getting the stove hot I locked the door of my cabin, changed my clothes, washed the soiled apparel and then cooked supper for the men. I was afraid that I had caught cold and would be taken sick, but nothing of the kind happened and I was none the worse for my forced march.

I cooked for 20 men until frost came, when the crew was increased to 30; then we had the lumber firm hire a girl and send her in to help me. When snow came there was an additional crew of forty men and teams to haul the logs to the landing at the river, where they were floated down in the spring to the sawmills. The company then hired another girl and sent her to our assistance. We had a chore boy or roustabout to cut and carry in wood, bring water, cut meat and fish, draw molasses and make himself generally useful. We had to get two breakfasts every morning; one at five o'clock for the teamsters, and one at seven for the rest of the crew. We were up every morning at half past three, and did not get to bed till eleven o'clock at night, as it was nearly nine in the evening before the last teamsters arrived. Sometimes, when bread was baking in the oven, the girl who was detailed to watch it so it should be well-baked, would sit down a moment at the oven door and fall asleep, not waking till the bread was burned black. We baked cookies and doughnuts by the half bushel, and gingerbread, molasses cake and mince pies galore.

It was a refreshing sight to see 70 men filing into the cook camp at noon and sit down on the long, wooden benches at the rough, pine board tables. Such appetites as they had! None had stomach trouble or appendicitis in those days. Every one looked the picture of health. I did not have time to worry about anything; there was so much work that had to be done.

About once a week supply teams with provisions, hay, feed and other necessaries, came over the "tote" road to the camps. Then there was the almost constant clip, clip of the woodmen's axes, and the ringing sound of crosscuts saws to relieve the monotony.

About the first of March the snow gradually disappeared and the teams hauled smaller loads, until some fine morning the foreman announced that camp was to break up. Then there was hustling that one must see to appreciate. The heavy lumber sleighs were piled up under the shed. Logging chains, cant hooks, peavies, picks, shovels, watering pails, lanterns and other belongings were packed on sleds; likewise the cookstove, camp equipment and bedding. The men got aboard of some of the sleighs, while baby and I, together with the hired girls, got into a sleigh specially prepared for us, with soft comforts for cushions and woolen blankets for lap robes. Everybody was in high spirits. Forgotten were the hardships of the winter, and merrily we drove to the little town. The first thing we did after reaching there, was to go to the company's office and present our time-check and receive pay for our winter's work. This ran from $90 to $150 for each man, and about $200 for each man and his team.

Perhaps you think I had rather of a hard time, but the truth is our trying experiences had only just begun, and with the Household Editor's kind permission, I shall tell you of them in a later issue.

MRS. WILLIAM REIMANN.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Get the habit of cheerfulness. It leads to happiness.

Never criticize unless you can suggest something better than that with which you find fault.

In order to have friends, you must be a friend.

A lady may always be a lady, no matter what the conduct of the other fellow.

A smile and a pleasant word never go amiss any hour in the day or week or month. Get the habit.

Remember, there is none who has not an influence in some form or other, and remembering this, you know what you have to do if you want your life to count for anything.

Why not, once in awhile, just for the sake of variety, think "all's right with the world," instead of "all's wrong?"

It is never a disgrace to say, "I was to blame," in case of trouble and tribulation. Many a time it acts like a balm that soothes.

Just for a change, think more of the things you have to be pleased with, than those you have to kick about.

It frequently happens that those who preach the most, understand the least, therefore their preaching accomplishes nothing.

Worse things might come to you than having to work.

A mind at peace is the greatest of riches.

To be a well-wisher, is to bring well-wishes to yourself.

What is past, is past. The future is shaped by the present. Take good care of the present.

When you want to enjoy yourself being miserable, hunt a lone corner in which to be happy in your own sad way. It is not likely that others care much for your way.

When you wake up cross in the morning, dodge every one you see coming. You are not fit for polite society, until you cheer up.

When you get that lonesome feeling, hunt somebody to do something for.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

May I hear the voices of the heavenly choir today, raised in songs of peace and love and kindness.

MONDAY

Monday is a day of beginnings. I hope I get a right start.

TUESDAY

It matters not who or what I am; I am of some use to somebody if I give out kindness and good cheer, and in thus giving, these gifts I shall receive in return.

WEDNESDAY

Saying that every cloud has a silver lining, will not make it true, unless I help to put the silver lining where it will do the most good.

THURSDAY

Kind words and smiles are things that are always worth while. I like them so well myself, why do I not pass them on to others.

FRIDAY

If things go wrong, I must ask myself where I am to blame. There is surely something I can do to help make them go right.

SATURDAY

I may win love, kindness and good cheer, if I am these three things myself.—Elizabeth.

Champion Swimmer at Fifteen

MISS ELSIE AYKROYD

MISS ELSIE AYKROYD, the 16-year-old girl from Massachusetts, who startled New Englanders recently by some remarkable swimming feats in waters around Boston, is expected to prove more or less of a sensation to the Britons. She is going to compete in the international swimming races in the Thames, and those who have seen her beating badly all of the fair sex in her own locality are confident that she will give a good account of herself against the foreigners. Little Miss Aykroyd has been swimming almost since she was able to walk and her parents have always encouraged her in this form of exercise. She has done many things in the water that most men would be proud of, but what was probably her finest performance was a swim from Revere Beach to Bass Point and back, a distance of more than seven miles, in 6h. 21 m. When her parents found she could cover this distance against conditions that were not ideal in such fast time, they determined to let her take the trip to England to compete against all the star women swimmers. Miss Aykroyd, when only 15 years old, swam across Hull Gut, near Boston, in 12 minutes. Opposing tides between Pemberton and Paddock's Island make the currents very treacherous, and such swimmers as Peter McNally and the late Captain Webb had difficulty in making the swim. When Miss Aykroyd accomplished the feat last year, the water was at 50 degrees and a hard wind was blowing. The distance is a quarter of a mile.

News From Fairytown

THERE was a fisherman who lived with his wife by the sea in a hut which was little more than a pigstye. One day as he dragged his net in he caught a great fish. But the fish said:

"Pray let me go. I am not a real fish, but an enchanted prince. Put me in the water again and let me live."

"Oho!" said the fisherman, "you needn't make a fuss about it. I will have nothing to do with a fish that talks. Swim away whenever you like, sir."

When the fisherman went home and told his wife about it, she called him an old fool. "You ought," she said, "to have asked him for something. We live wretchedly. Why could you not have asked him for a snug little cottage? Go back and see if you can't get it yet."

So the fisherman went back to the beach and said:

"Man of the sea
Listen to me.
My wife Isabill
Will have her own will.
And has sent me to beg a boon of thee."

Then the fish came swimming toward him and said: "What is your wife's will? What does she want?"

"She says she wants a snug little cottage."

"Go home then," said the fish, "She is in the cottage now."

Sure enough, when he got home, there was a pretty little house where the old hut had stood. But—do you know—the fisherman's wife was not satisfied, but within a week had persuaded her husband to ask the fish for a large stone castle. He did so reluctantly, but the wish was granted. The next day the fisherman's wife got him to ask the fish to make her ruler of the land. And the fish did this. Then she wanted to be empress, and the wish was granted, and the woman sat upon a throne of gold and had a crown full two yards high. Then she wanted to be queen of the sun and moon. The fisherman fell out of bed when she mentioned her wish to him, and could hardly be induced to ask for it, but he was finally persuaded. As he went toward the sea a fearful storm arose, but the fish swam in and asked what was wanted now. The fisherman explained.

"Go home then," said the fish.

And when the fisherman turned back and walked up the beach there stood the little hut like a pigstye, and there in the door was his wife.

And there they are forced to live to this very day.

LONGFELLOW'S DAUGHTER

Miss Alice Longfellow, daughter of the poet, is a vice president of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, recently organized. It has for its purpose the preservation of buildings and sites of historic interest.

POETS' CORNER

OLD ACE

Author Unknown.

Can any pleasure in life compare
With a charming drive inthe balmy air?
A buggy light with shimmering wheel,
Springs whose resistance you barely feel;
A spirited horse of royal breed,
With just a little more style and speed
Than any you meet, and it matters not
If his gait be pace or a swinging trot.

The tassel sways on the graceful whip,
You grasp the rein with a tighter grip,
Your horse is off for a splendid dash,
And needs no touch of the urging lash;
You feel the puff of the startled air,
It floats his name and it lifts your hair,
The hoof marks time in its measured beat
For the swelling nostrils that scorn defeat.

One glorious day in the balmy spring,
Jack Dare was out with his new horse, King;
Though both were rich, it was his design
To buy him a faster horse than mine.
By his side the sweetest girl in town,
Of handsome features and eyes so brown,
That gazing in where the lashes curled
Was like a view of another world
Where the angels live and the angels sing,
And she was one that had lost her wings,
And came to earth just to let me see
How sweet the angels in heaven may be,
I envied the breeze of its constant bliss
Of fanning her cheeks to steal a kiss.

I loved the girl when we both were young,
But getting older I had lost my tongue.
I learned in college Latin and Greek,
But Cupid's language I could not speak.
While Jack was perfect in Cupid's art,
The only language he knew by heart.
I envied Jack in his ride that day,
And jogged old Spot in a leisurely way
That two miles to the sulphur spring,
To test the speed of his new horse, King.

Jack took the lead, and it touched his pride,
For the fastest horse and the fanciest bride
Had been his boast! Did I pass him by?
My heart, I reckon, could answer why—
I'm almost certain I lost the race
By lagging behind to look at Grace.

Jack seemed more proud of his horse that day
Than he was of Grace, which made me say:
"Be sure of your game before you boast,
From dead defeat there may rise a ghost.
I'll race you back to town," said I,
"For Grace's glove," but he made reply:
"What use to you is the senseless glove
From the soft white hand of the girl I love?
Suppose you win!" he laughed in my face,
"You get the mitten and I get Grace."
Said I: "Trophy I would so prize"—
And I caught a look from her soft brown eyes
That drove the rest of it out of my head.
I don't remember just what I said.

Jack laughed till his eyes were wet,
"Increase the wager, I'll take the bet."
"My glove," said Grace, "and the hand within
Shall be the prize of the one to win!"
I looked at Jack, but he didn't chaff,
He didn't smile and he didn't laugh!
"Must I then race you for such a bride,"
"And carry the load beside?"

"I'll carry," said I, "the precious load."
Her bright eyes flashed and her fair cheeks glowed,
She took her seat with little ado;
I tucked the robe and my heart in, too!
Said I: "Old Spot," as I stroked his neck,
And rubbed his nose and loosened his check,
"She's Bob's own Grace if you do your best."
He pricked his ears just as if he guessed
The time had come when his master's need
Had staked all happiness on his speed.

When all was ready, Grace shouted "Go!"
A word both horses seemed to know.
You heard the hoof with his measured sway,
Pacing along the great highway.
You saw the swell of the parting side,
The pink that glows in the nostrils wide.
I knew Old Spot, if he kept that pace,
Would win my choice of the human race,
No work was spoken between us two!
The tongue is silent when hope is new.
A mile—a mile and a half we sped
And still Old Spot is a neck ahead.

Jack touched his horse with his tasseled whip,
Then Gracie, pursing her rosy lips,
Uttered a sound like a lover's kiss;
The world is ruled by a sound like this,
To urge a horse is a capital plan
And often used to encourage man.
But she never dreamed she had let me in
To her heart's fond wish that I should win.

The only time in the race she spoke
Was when, over-urged, Jack's trotter broke.
"He's running his horse, and that's not fair,"
And blushing up to her auburn hair
She grabbed the whip from my willing hand,
A move that Jack seemed to understand,
For she raised it high, as much as to say,
"Well, running's a game that two can play."
So she brought him down to an honest trot,
But he couldn't keep up with dear Old Spot,
Who forged ahead when he saw the whip,
And passed the goal with never a skip.

I know the horse is a trifle old
But you can't buy him with all your gold.
My Gracie loves him and pats his neck,
And says he is the best card in the deck.
And rubs his nose till he kisses her face,
She has changed his name to dear old Ace,
And says, "It's the proper thing,
For it takes the Ace to beat the King."
As she purses her lips for the well known smack,
"I'm glad the Queen didn't take the Jack."

HANNAH BINDING SHOES

By Lucy Larcom.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes.
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;—
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing, nod or answer will refuse
to her whisper:
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh! her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone;
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gaily wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon cooes;
Hannah shudders.
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

'Tis November;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews,
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fisherman,
Have you—have you heard of Ben?
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and drear the ragged shores she views.
Twenty seasons,
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea;—
Hopeless, faithful
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS

Author Unknown.

Since the times are so hard, I must tell you, sweetheart,
I've a mind to abandon my plow and my cart;
Away to California a journey I'll go,
And double my fortunes as other folks do.
While here we must labor each day in the field
And the winter consumes all the summer doth yield.

Oh, Collins, I've noticed with a sorrowful heart,
You've a long time abandoned your plow and your cart;
Your sheep are at random, disorderly run,
And your new Sunday jacket goes every-day on.

CHORUS.

Then we'll stick to our farm and suffer no loss,
For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.

Oh, wife, let us go and don't let us wait,
I long to be there and I long to be great.
Were you some rich lady, and who knows but I,
May be a rich Governor before I shall die.

Oh, husband, remember your land is to clear,
It will cost you the labor of many a year;
Your horses, sheep, cattle you'll all have to buy,
And you'll hardly get settled before you must die.

Oh, wife, let us go, and don't let us stand,
I will purchase a farm that is cleared to our hands,
Where horses, sheep, cattle are not very dear,
And we'll feast on fat buffalo half of the year.

Oh, husband, remember your land is delight,
Is surrounded by Indians, who plunder by night;
Your house may be plundered and burned to the ground,
And your wife and your children be mangled around.

Oh, wife, you've convinced me, I'll not say any more;
I never once thought of your dying before;
My children, I love them, although they are small,
And my own precious wife more dearly than all.

SWEET ADELINE

By Richard H. Gerard.

In the evening when I sit alone a-dreaming
Of days gone by, love, to me so dear,
There's a picture that in fancy oft appearing,
Brings back the time love when you were near;
It is then I wonder where you are my darling,
And if your heart to me is still the same,
For the sighing wind and nightingale a-singing,
Are breathing only your own sweet name.

CHORUS.

Sweet Adeline, my Adeline,
At night, dear heart, for you I pine,
In all my dreams, your fair face beams,
You're the flower of my heart, Sweet Adeline.

I can see your smiling face as when we wandered,
Down by the brookside, just you and I,
And it seems so real at times 'till I awaken,
To find all vanished, a dream gone by;
If we meet some time in after years, my darling,
I trust that I will find your love still mine,
Tho' my heart is sad and clouds above are hov'ring,
The sun again love, for me would shine.

POEMS REQUESTED

The old song entitide In the Huckleberry Glen, is much wanted.

The poem called The Old Dog Under the Wagon, is asked for.

These poems are asked for: Though Ragged and Poor I'll be a Hero Yet; and, Hear the Merry School Bell Ringing, Haste, O, Haste.

The poem of which the following is a trace, is wanted: The bird with a broken wing can never soar so high again.

The old-time song entitled Lord Bateman is asked for. This is part: This warder had an only daughter.

Songs wanted: There's a lonely cottage by the seaside, where the water lilies strew the shore; and, As the shot and shell were streaming.

The wartime poem, When Pickett Charged at Gettysburg, is wanted.

The following song of which this is a clue, is requested: I cannot sing that song tonight. Another one is entitled Little Mary.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

It is a warm afternoon, dear friends, but I thought I would call just for a social chat.

Gay Conley, across the distance that separates use, at least one M. G. R. extends a welcoming hand and sends many a kindly thought to you and all others who are lonely.

Cherokee Girl, I wish I had time to write a "white story" for you; maybe I will try to do so one of these days, but you can think white stories wherever you live.

Blue-eyed (Poet) Hermit, had I been present at that M. G. R. meeting one ballot would have been for you. You have aroused our curiosity and we would like to know who was your choice.

Sweet Marie, of the Keystone state, what has become of you?

Wyandotte, I enjoyed your letter. Come again.

Raoul de Coubert, you have not been with us for some time. The descriptive letters have been excellent. I especially liked the imaginary trip to the moon by Only a Girl. It reminded me of a trip to the Grand Canyon that I took, only I made the journey, while at home, by postcards and letters sent to me by a friend.—Olive Branch, New York.

A Good Digestive Sauce—This is recommended for people suffering from indigestion. Peel one pound each of apples and Spanish onions, and slice them thinly in alternative layers into an earthenware dish, sprinkling a tablespoonful of salt on top. Leave for a day, then transfer the slices on to a clean, dry cloth, and let them remain draining thus for another day. Put them into an enamel saucepan, cover with vinegar, and stand on the range, and when just warm add two ounces of mustard, a small teaspoonful of red pepper, and a quarter of an ounce of tumeric. Simmer until soft and creamy, stirring often, and when done put into small bottles or jars.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you admit another Michigan girl to your circle? I have been standing outside listening to the rest for ever so long, but I just heard the editor say that she would like to hear about picnics and outings, so I thought I would just drop in for a little while and tell you about a camping trip which some young people took not long ago.

We started on Wednesday, about 2:30 by the clock, and reached the lake where we were going to camp about 4 o'clock. We took a rowboat and a canoe. The girls were just a little afraid of the latter at first, but they soon recovered their courage and the canoe was in greater demand than the boat.

One of the boys broke an oar the first thing and had to borrow another pair. We slept on the ground in the tent, with plenty of covers, as the night air was quite cool. We went to bed the first night about 10:30, but not to sleep. At about 3 the next morning we were all awake, waiting patiently, (or impatiently), for daylight, so we could get outdoors again. Before we were up our number was increased by one, who came before daylight. The second evening, the boys and girls ran races around the lake, the distance being about a mile.

In the afternoon, another boy came, and at night two girls and a boy, but only one of them remained. We ate out of doors on a table made out of boards, two of whose legs were trees. One of the two chaperones of the party brought an oil stove and we had boiled potatoes and fried eggs, also coffee and tea.

The second evening the boys went across the lake and bought popcorn. They borrowed a popper from a family living there and we popped the corn over a bonfire, close to the tent.

Friday evening we started home with a good many sunburned arms and faces, but happy nevertheless.

As we went out in two wagons, and only one came back after us, we piled on the baggage and walked home about four and one-half, or five miles for me. When we reached town we gave nine "rahs" for camp, home and the two chaperones, parting with the spoken resolution to meet one year from date at same or some other place and read over the record of the camping trip.

Olive Branch, where are you keeping yourself? As my letter is rather long, I will close, signing my camp nickname.—Glennie, Michigan.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you permit another stranger to take a seat in the shade with you this warm summer evening?

For subject, just now, let us speak about the motto and the object of the M. G. R. Then let us think of what we are doing; how we are spending the precious time God has given for our use. How can we do good to all people? In what ways can we do good? Think for a moment of the many, very, very simple ways. Everyone should be scattering sunshine and blessedness.

Think of the Bible stories. Here is a simple but excellent illustration: Mary broke her beautiful vase and poured the costly ointment on Jesus. Had she kept this perfume carefully preserved, what would have come of it? Was the perfume wasted? No, but freely and lovingly given. Would we have known of it had she kept it in the bottle? No, there certainly would have been no Bible history of it. What are our lives and deeds, but ointment? We live carefully, guarding our lives so as to keep all happiness to ourselves, not speaking cheer to others or trying to give them happiness. What comes in the end? Where is our own happiness? Are we not soon forgotten because there are no good deeds to be remembered? Let us pray that no one will live this way. May we all break the vases and scatter sunshine, loving words, kindness and good deeds everywhere. Jesus will reward us greatly and our sunshine will live on after us in the hearts of our friends.

Red Wing from Ohio, and Ene of Toledo, I am carefully watching the Circle for you.

Clyde, your letter was fine. I think the home duties are equally divided between the husband and wife. I am sure I want my "sweetheart" to put his "best foot forward," for I believe him to be perfectly true, and a good moral man.

If I feel I am welcome among you good people I will call again. "Good evening:"—An Illinois Maiden.

Sent on Approval. Send no Money. $2.00
WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. HAIR SWITCH
Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22-in. short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit $2 in ten days or sell 3 and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also big grade switches, pompadours, wigs, etc. ANNA AYERS, DEPT. 345, 19 QUINCY ST., CHICAGO.

RECIPES

Good Cookies.

One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, cream these together, then add the flour with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flour enough to roll nicely. These are fine and easy to make.

Buns.

Two cups light bread sponge, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of warm water or milk and water. Mix stiff; when light, mix down; when light again, roll out to about one inch thick; cut out with a cake cutter, place in pan so they will not touch. When light, bake about half an hour. These are as nice as bakers' buns.—L. M. L., Iowa.

WITH POTATO BUGS

"He loves me, he loves me not," murmured the romantic summer boarder.

"You must have picked a thousand daisies to pieces today," remarked the old farmer. "Couldn't ye play the game just as well with potato bugs?"

BUTTON-HOOK

The little girl was reading laboriously. "See Mary and the lamb," she read, slowly. "Does Mary love the lamb, button-hook?"

"Why do you say button-hook?" asked the teacher.

"Picture of a button-hook here," replied the child, pointing triumphantly to the interrogation mark.

NO MORE HOMELY WOMEN

Wrinkles Vanish

BUST DEVELOPED

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS REMOVED FOREVER.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR DISAPPEARS LIKE MAGIC BY A NEW TREATMENT

Let this woman send you, free, everything she agrees, follow her instructions, then if you are pleased, recommend her wonderful methods to your friends.

The World's Greatest Beauty

SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIRL OF 18.

This clever women has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful and removed every blackhead and pimple in a single night.

You can imagine her joy when, by her own simple discovery, she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no mask or common massage, no harmless plasters, no rollers, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed.

Mary Merritt, of Ohio, writes, her wrinkles have entirely disappeared. Miss Hanson writes, her bust is beautifully developed and wrinkles gone. Mrs. Markham writes, she has not a wrinkle left.

The valuable new **beauty book** which Madame Cunningham is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womankind, as it makes known her remarkable methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you, absolutely free, everything she agrees, and will show our readers **how to quickly remove wrinkles; how to develop the bust; how to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows; how to instantly remove superfluous hair; how to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles; how to remove dark circles under the eyes; how to quickly remove double chin; how to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body; how to darken gray hair and stop hair falling; how to remove warts and moles.**

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cunningham, Suite 877, 7 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

Now is the time to write and learn her beauty secrets, lest your beauty passes, even as the petals of a rose withers into the drift of yesterday's flower.

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter." — MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

A PLEASANT LETTER

Dear Friends—May I gain entrance into your family circle? Thank you, for I believe you said "certainly."

Many times I have thought of writing to The Blade, but I always put it off until a more convenient time. Procrastination seems to be a fault of mine. I cannot express in words my appreciation for The Blade, and the many interesting letters it contains. In reading the letters we get a glimpse into the minds and hearts of those who write, and can tell pretty well how their lives are spent, and how their minds are bent. As we read these letters we find that some are of sorrow and sadness, and some are of joy and gladness, so I think it is quite interesting to know one another as we are.

My home is in West Virginia, and this is one of the golden afternoons with a deep blue sky and brilliant sun. The West Virginia hills are dressed in their green robes, "with their summits bathed in glory." I often think it is no wonder that the poet has written: "Oh, those West Virginia hills, how majestic and how grand," for I believe if you could behold their beauty at present, you would agree with him. They are equally as beautiful in the winter time with their snow coverings, and their giant trees decked with sparkling icicles.

Bluefield, the name of my town, is a dry town, but up to a few weeks ago there were 12 or 14 saloons here, and the present is the first time in the history of our town that we have had no saloons.

We have about 12 churches, and the Salvation Army has a hall here. We have about 18,000 people.

Well, before I write too much, or make you tired of my letter, I will close and wait to see how it is received before I write again. I bid you good afternoon, with best wishes to all—A West Virginia Wild Flower.

NO QUARRELS

Dear Household Editor—As I see by you want the bars down so the men can join the Household Page, I shall just slip in and say a few words. I have been a reader of The Blade for two years. I want to say right here that he men should be glad to get into this corner. I, for one, enjoy reading the dear old Blade. I do not have very much time to read, but I enjoy what time I do have.

I have a family of three sweet little tots, and a dear wife to work for. I am a day laborer, but my wife and I both pull the same end of the rope. We have been married nine years, and I want to say we have been man and wife and not a pair of quarrelers. I think that quarreling is an awful thing for a man and wife to do, after they have vowed to cherish each other until death separates them. Life is too short. It seems only a few days and all is over.

As I had not seen a letter from the dear old state of Georgia, I thought I would write one, and if I see this in print I shall know the bars have been let down and I shall write again and tell all I can about North Georgia. With best wishes to The Blade and its many readers, I will close—Dan M. Wade, Georgia.

IN NEBRASKA

Dear Cozy Corner Friends—I read the good Toledo Blade and I never get tired of reading your good and helpful letters. I live in Nebraska, where the small hills and broad valleys are most all carpeted with green grass and beautiful wild flowers. The prairie hen with her brood wanders at will, and the rabbits, how they jump and run and think they are hidden when sitting with their ears down close to their back, but I do miss the forests of West Virginia and the song of the whippoorwill.

I live on a farm and have four boys and one girl to care for. I do not think farm work is drudgery; it is a pleasure for me to work for those I love.

Nervy from West Virginia, I love to read your letters. You are from my home state. Write again. I wonder if Mrs. Higan has her auto yet?

Sprinkle a little salt on your apples when drying; they will never get worms in them. My irons are hot so I will close with best wishes to the editor and a long and happy life to the writers of the Cozy Corner—Mrs. Belle Dowler, Nebraska.

TOP O' THE MORNING

Dear Cozy Corner Sisters—Will you admit a lone widow woman to your corner? I have been a reader of The Blade a long time, and I would not give the Cozy Corner for any paper I know of. I have thought I would write a book before now, and when I read the Top o' the Morning story I thought I must write.

My dear husband is gone and I am sad and lonely, but while he lived, we had "top o' the morning" all day long. He always said, "I am very much obliged," or "thank you," when I did anything for him, and so did I when he did anything for me. We always had a smile for each other when he came in from work, and housecleaning was a thing he was always willing to help with. We often wondered if anybody else got along as happily together as we did. I guess they do. I hope so. Now he is gone to that land above to live with Jesus and watch and wait for me. I am left alone with four little boys to raise. One of them is eight years old, one is six, one three and the youngest is one year old. I surely have my hands full and I am a poor woman. I hope you all will sympathize with me. It just looks like my troubles are too great to bear, sometimes, but when the dear old Blade comes, it helps me to cheer up and smile; I trust in God for all, and he is a friend in need.

Now I hope you sisters will not forget to smile and have "top o' the morning" feelings all day. Write to the Cozy Corner, for you do not know what a comfort the letters are to me. Remember me, and trust in the Lord always.—From a Lone Widow Woman, Alabama.

LOVES HIS HOME

I will give you Cozy Corner people a little idea of the country in which I live. It is along the foot of the Alleghany mountains. I love my country home and can enjoy country life better than town life.

Our mountain home is hilly and rough, but we do not mind that. We have a school house on our mountain and have six months of good school. We have no church here, but we use our school building to worship in. We have not had any Sunday school for two years, but we expect to organize in the near future. We have some beautiful girls upon our mountain, but the boys are not so beautiful.

Well, we have talked about our homes and about Sunday school and about girls and boys, so I guess I had better tell you about some of our farming ways. We farm in the hills with a shovel plow, and when the hills are too steep, we put in a goat and plow. How would Cozy Corner-ers like that?—West Virginia Bird.

A DISCOVERY

I love to read all the letters, and I find many helpful hints in them. Audie, of the M. G. R., as you are such a lover of string beans, it must take considerable of your time to prepare two gallons every day. I know it does, for my family is very fond of them, but I have made a discovery which helps me very much, and I will tell it to you, hoping it may help you, too. I gather the beans and with a sharp knife clip the ends, removing all strings. I do not cut or break the pods. I simply wash and cook in the usual way, covering them closely while cooking, in order to retain the steam. I think they cook much quicker whole than when cut up. When they are tender, take a sharp knife and chop them into pieces. This is much easier and quicker than the old way, and when one needs so many, it is quite a help, I think.

I agree with Mrs. H. I. B. of Ohio about Sunday dinners. I believe we should take all the rest we can on that day. When a woman does all of her own work and gets three meals every day for six days, I believe she should not be expected to cook anything demanding extra work on the Sabbath. I aim to make Sunday a little different from other days and have something extra cooked on Saturday. I usually give the children coffee on Sunday. They do not get it other days, and we try to have as good a dinner as we can, without extra work. I see my paper is full, so I must stop. —Aunt Jarusia, Michigan.

A BURNING ERUPTION FROM HEAD TO FEET

"Four years ago I suffered severely with a terrible eczema, being a mass of sores from head to feet and for six weeks confined to my bed. During that time I suffered continual torture from itching and burning. After being given up by my doctor, I was advised to try the Cuticura Remedies. After the first bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first good sleep during my entire illness. I also used Cuticura Resolvent and the treatment was continued for about three weeks. At the end of that time I was able to be about the house, entirely cured, and have felt no ill effects since. I would advise any person suffering from any form of skin trouble to try the Cuticura Remedies as I know what they did for me. Mrs. Edward Nenning, 1112 Salina St., Watertown, N. Y., Apr. 11, 1910." For eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings, from infancy to age, Cuticura brings instant relief and points to a speedy cure when all else fails.

LAYLIN SEES VICTORY

Republican Chairman Says Ohioans Are United for Progressive Principlss

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Columbus, August 26.—The Republican campaign in Ohio this fall is to be managed by Lewis Cass Laylin, of Columbus, former secretary of state. Malcolm Jennings, of Marion, newspaper man, associated with Warren G. Harding, candidate for governor, was made secretary, and William C. Hoffman, of Columbus, treasurer.

In spite of the strained feeling concerning the selection of state executive chairman the meeting of the Republican state central committee yesterday afternoon turned out to be a harmonious affair. All the three executive officers were chosen by acclamation and without any opposition and if any member of the central committee did not get his friend on the executive committee it was because he did not make his wishes known.

There were so many claims for recognition on the executive committee that the original intention of limiting it to 21 members, one from each congressional district, had to be abandoned and before the meeting closed 44 names had been placed in the list and the end is not yet, for the committee authorized Chairman Laylin to add such as he deemed expedient.

Garford Names Laylin.

There were but two absentees—D. W. Allaman, of the Third district, and George Hamilton of the Seventeenth. Their proxies were voted. A. L. Garford, himself once mentioned for the position, placed Lewis C. Laylin in nomination for the executive chairmanship. Colonel Thompson, also mentioned for the place, said later on, when opportunity was given him to speak, that he only regretted that not being a member of the committee, he could not place Mr. Laylin in nomination.

In accepting the election Laylin said that it was a place he neither had sought nor desired. Two things were essential in the campaign to insure success—perfect organization and united action. The committee would see to the former, for the latter they would have to depend on the party members.

"We will win because the people of Ohio are united in the praise of President Taft and his progressive administration,' he declared.

"We will win because 21 congressmen are to be elected and a change of only a few might mean a Democratic delegation. We will win because a Republican assembly is to be elected which must address itself to the important task of electing a United States senator. We will win because our convention selected a ticket seldom equalled for the character of its candidates."

Mr. Monroe placed Malcolm Jennings in nomination for secretary of the committee. There being no other name presented he was elected by acclamation. Called on for a speech he drew from his pocket a letter from Warren G. Harding, useless then, in which he expressed a preference for Mr. Laylin for chairman, explicit but without offense to Colonel Thompson.

Richard Lloyd, of Franklin, nominated Wm. F. Hoffman, president of the Commercial National bank, for treasurer, and he was chosen without opposition.

HEINZE GETS LICENSE

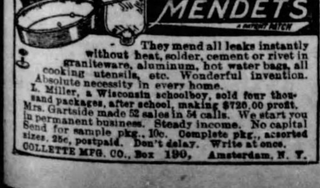
Wedding With Toledo Actress Set for August 31.

New York, Aug. 29.—Visitors to the marriage license bureau in the city hall today included Mrs. Bernice Golden Henderson, the actress and F. Augustus Heinze, the Montana Copper man, whose engagement was recently announced. The visit was an early one and the pair escaped general observation.

The ceremony will take place on Aug. 31. Mr. Heinze said he was 40 years old, and was born in Brooklyn. He gave his place of residence as Butte, Mont., and said he was a miner.

Mrs. Henderson said she was 26, and lived in this city. She said her parents were Thomas Golden, born in Ireland, and Mary Campbell. This will be her second marriage. She divorced her first husband, Charles A. Henderson, in April, 1909, and was awarded custody of their one child, a girl, and $300 a month alimony.

AGENTS—$45.00 A WEEK SELLING MENDETS



They mend all leaks instantly without heat, solder, cement or rivet in graniteware, tinware, hot water bottles, cooking utensils, etc. Wonderful invention. Absolute necessity in every home. L. Miller, a Wisconsin schoolboy, sold four thousand packages, after school, making $720.00 profit. Mrs. Gruetzade made 52 sales in 54 calls. We start you in permanent business. Steady income. No capital. Send for sample pkg., 10c. Complete pkg., assorted sizes, 25c, postpaid. Don't delay. Write at once. COLLETTE MFG. CO., Box 190, Amsterdam, N. Y.

U. S. POPULATION ABOUT 90,000,000

Census Director Bases an Estimate on Returns So Far Tabulated.

Washington, D. C., August 27.—Director Durand, of the census bureau, estimates the population of the United States at about 90,000,000. This estimate is based on the returns so far tabulated and does not include the Philippines. With the latter included the figures, he says, will be close to the 100,000,000 mark. The tabulation is expected to be finished by November 15.

"It is only a rough guess," said Director Durand, "but I believe the returns will show there is a population of 90,000,000 in the country, not counting the Philippines. It may run up to 91,000,000, but I doubt it. If the population of the Philippines be included the figures will be close to the 100,000,000 mark.

"I expect the tabulation to be completed by November 15 and immediately afterward we will be able to announce the population of the country.

Gain from Immigration 6,000,000.

"The net gain from immigration during the last 10 years has not been so large as would be supposed. For example, immigration from 1901 to 1907 into the United States was only 6,219,000 in round numbers. Of this number 1,927,000 returned to the countries from which they came, leaving a total increase in population from immigration during those years of only 4,292,000.

"The figures for the three years from 1907 to 1910, show 2,576,000 immigrants came into the United States, and 790,875 of them returned. A larger proportionate increase in total population from immigration occurred in the last three years than in the previous seven years.

"Taking the 10 years' net increase, it will be seen that approximately 6,000,000 persons have been added to the population of the country by immigration since the last census. Possibly 500,000 of these have died in this time.

Gain in Cities 20 Per Cent.

"We have been surprised at the population of cities of 100,000 and more, since the figures of many of these have been announced. The percentage of increase since the last census of these cities is more than 20 per cent.

"Whether or not the country districts will show such a percentage of increase we do not know yet. Some believe the rapid rate of increase of the large cities is caused by population drawn from the country districts and when the compilation of these districts is completed they may show a much smaller increase than the cities for this reason."

New York Figures Delayed.

The figures on New York will not be available at so early a date as was expected. The census bureau had hoped to make its announcement regarding the national metropolis by tonight, but owing to some technicality the statement will be deferred until next Tuesday or Wednesday. The Chicago and Philadelphia figures will follow.

BLAMES CONGRESS

Former Forester Declares Loss of Life in West Is Unnecessary.

Washington, August 26.—Gifford Pinchot, of the National Conservation association and former head of the government forest service, in a statement issued today holds that the loss of property and life in the recent and present forest fires was unnecessary.

The disastrous results, he says, are traceable to the unpreparedness to deal with the fire situation. He scores members of congress who have opposed appropriations for the proper equipment of forest rangers, and in that connection names Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, whose home town, Wallace, Idaho, suffered serious loss; Senator Carter, of Montana, and Rrepresentative Mondell, of Wyoming. The statement follows:

"I am proud of the splendid work the men of the forest service have been doing against the western forest fires. Many of them have given their lives to protect the homes of settlers and the forests on which the prosperity of the western people depend. To my mind their conduct is beyond all praise.

Fires Are Preventable.

"Forest fires are preventable. It is a good thing for us to remember at this time that nearly or quite all of the loss, suffering, and death these fires have caused, is wholly unnecessary. A fire in the forest is the same kind of a thing as a fire in the city. There is only one way to fight either.

"The fire department of every city is organized with the prime idea of getting to the fire when it is young. So with forest fires. The time to conquer them is before they grow strong. If a forest is equipped with roads, trails, telephone lines and a reasonable number of men for patrol there is no more likelihood that great fires would be able to get started than there is that great conflagrations like the Chicago fire will get started in a city with a modern fire department.

Its Devoted Men.

"The forest service has done wonders with its handful of devoted men. It has put out every year many thousands of small fires, any one of which, under favorable conditions, might have developed into a conflagration which 10,000 men could not stop. This year, because of the great drought, the worst in much of the west for more than 20 years, there were too many fires and too few rangers.

"The men like Heyburn, Carter and Mondel, who have made light of the efforts of the forest service to prepare itself to prevent just such calamity as this, have, in effect, been fighting on the side of fires against the welfare of the country. If even a small fraction of the loss from the present fires had been expended in additional patrol and preventive equipment, some, or perhaps nearly all, of the loss could have been avoided."

MRS. CUDAHY TELLS SCRIBES JUST WHAT SHE WON'T DO

Chicago, August 25.—Mrs. Edna Cowin Cudahy, former wife of John P. (Jack) Cudahy, returned to Kansas City yesterday morning after leaving her four children in Chicago, and with them her past, she said. She has mapped out her future life in which limelight, matrimony, divorce and kindred troubles are to play no part.

Mrs. Cudahy was smiling as she dashed out of the hotel on her way to the train. She was smiling when interviewed, and was smiling as the train pulled out, leaving her children behind.

She had spent the afternoon shopping. Farewell keepsakes for the little ones were among her purchases.

"The children are with their grandparents," she said. "I believe it is the best place for them now. Really they are so small they scarcely missed me when I left. They don't know what it is to miss their mother yet."

The Cudahy children soon will be taken to Mackinac. Mrs. Cudahy said she had not made up her mind whether she will visit them or not.

Just a Few "Wills" and "Won'ts."

Here are the things Mrs. Cudahy said she "positively" would not do.

Go on the stage.
Marry again.
Devote herself to art.
Give up society.
Live like a hermit.

Here are the things she said she will do:

Forget her past.
Keep out of the limelight.
Show the world she has been misjudged.

Says She Is Satisfied.

"I do wish you would say there is nothing of a commercial nature about my visit today," said Mrs. Cudahy. "I have been well provided for. I am well satisfied. Just put it that way."

And the Mrs. Cudahy smile was again much in evidence. She refused to discuss whether she was to get $5,000 a year, and the children to share $100,000.

"The children are well provided for," she continued. "I simply came here today to place them in the care of their grandparents. I will live in Kansas City as far as I know now.

"I am not even going to California or Europe, unless my health breaks down."

Then Mrs. Cudahy smiled with satisfaction, and added:

"I suppose you think that unlikely, don't you?"

Marry Again? Never!

"Will I ever marry again! Just put down a big 'No,' will you? Don't you think one such experience as I have had is enough? I am not going to live like a hermit, either. Why should I give up society, and my friends?

"I am not going on the stage. That is such nonsense. I wonder how such a thing could have got started? I am not going to devote myself to art, or do any ridiculous thing like that. Of course, I am going to keep up my music, but that is all.

"I just want to keep out of the limelight. I think the world has misjudged me cruelly. But what can I do? I am going to try and convince every one that I have not been to blame for what has happened."

BALLINGER'S DEFENSE

Declares No Plot Exists to Overthrow Government of King Manuel.

Rome, August 26.—The vatican yesterday authorized a denial of the report that it was on the verge of a rupture with Portugal because of the Portuguese government's recent censure of the Catholic bishop of Braga for suppressing a Franciscan newspaper without first having secured the consent of the government to do so.

It was also asserted at the vatican that there is no Clerical plot for the overthrow of the Portuguese monarchy, and that the presence in Portugal of Alejandro Lerroux, chief of the republicans in Barcelona, Spain, has led the vatican authorities to believe that the reports of such a plot were instigated by Lerroux in order to give a pretext for attacks on Catholics.

Concerning Portugal's protest of August 20 against the "objectionable attitude" of Msgr. Dr. J. Tonti, the papal nuncio at Lisbon, during the period of tension between Portugal and the holy see, the vatican points out that the whole affair had been greatly exaggerated.

Remember French Incident.

The vatican, it says, desired to suppress the organ of the Franciscans at Braga, which had been conducting a campaign contrary to the wishes and the instructions of the holy see. It desired, however, to avoid a repetition of an incident in France, when the condemnation of a newspaper by the bishops of Dijon and Laval, which was conveyed through the papal nuncio at Paris, gave the French government the chance to declare that the action was the intervention of a foreign diplomat in the internal affairs of France. Therefore, the Portuguese bishop at Braga was instructed to order the suppression of the newspaper, which the vatican considered quite legal, the bishop having jurisdiction over that diocese.

The anti-clericals, the vatican authorities declare in conclusion, tried to distort this into a conflict between the vatican and the Portuguese government, although there was no conflict, as it says is proven by the cordial well-wishes sent by King Manuel to Pope Pius on the anniversary of his elevation to the papacy and also by the king's recent appointment of a new charge d'affaires of the Portuguese embassy at the vatican, Count de Logoaca, whom the pope received in audience Wednesday.

COTTON RECALLS WAR

Hits Highest Mark Since the Sixties.

New York, August 30.—August cotton sold at 20 cents a pound in the New York cotton market yesterday on urgent demand from speculative shorts, who had postponed covering until the last moment, in the hope that the increasing new crop movement in the southwest might break the control of the bull leaders.

This price, the highest reached by cotton for any delivery since the civil war, and exceeding by nearly 2½ cents per pound the highest figure reached in the famous bull year of 1903-4, which until now had stood as a standard of comparison, was regarded by many as the culminating point of the bull movement. This "six-months' movement, which ends next Thursday, will go down as the most spectacular in the annals of the cotton trade since war times.

Three surgeons of the United States public health and marine hospital service, after months of unremitting toil, have grown leprosy bacilli in pure culture outside the human body, and in tiny thin glass tubes in the laboratory the loathsome germs are now growing to their third generation.

This achievement of the scientists is the first step in the production of a vaccine or a serum for the cure or prevention of leprosy.

YOU $5 TO $10 A DAY

EVEN if you never sold a dollar's worth of goods in your life, make $5 to $10 a day selling our made-to-order suits and pants.

This is Your Chance To Make Money.

We sell suits from $3 to $10 less than other houses, give better tailoring, make better fitting clothes, with absolute guarantee. You can undersell others; no work to take orders for us. You can not fail—our line is the only line where you can give satisfaction or money refunded. It is a snap to sell Regal Tailoring.

BIG MONEY—EASY WORK.

We start you Free. Send for samples now. We will back you with our capital and experience—you do not need money—we will instruct you and you can commence making money at once. Send us your name and address now and get our $15.75 Leader and all other newest samples, large fashion plate, tape measure and everything necessary will be sent you Free.

You Can Get Your Own Clothes At Inside Price to advertise us. Write today and receive exclusive territory. If not interested show it to your friends as this is too good a thing to miss. The biggest chance to make money.

We prepay express charges

REGAL TAILORING CO., 191 Market St. Dept.302. CHICAGO

SAVES BABY IN CISTERN

Mother Stands Eight Hours in the Water.

Sedan, Kan., August 26.—Standing in five feet of water in the bottom of a cistern at her home near here Mrs. John Burch, wife of a farmer, for eight hours held aloft her 2-year-old child until the arrival home of her husband today.

The child had fallen into the cistern, and the mother, who saw the accident, immediately sprang after it, seized the baby in her arms, raised it above the surface of the water and called for help. No one was within hearing of the woman's calls, and throughout the greater part of the day Mrs. Burch stood, the water reaching up almost to her neck, and waited for the return of her husband from his work in the fields.

After being taken from the cistern Mrs. Burch collapsed and is dangerously ill, but the child suffered no illness.

Friends have determined to apply for a Carnegie medal for Mrs. Burch.

BIG RATE BATTLE IS ON

Nineteen Lawyers Are Representing Roads.

Chicago, August 29.—Nineteen lawyers, representing big western railway systems, were present today when the interstate commerce commission began its hearing of testimony bearing on the advance in railroad rates scheduled to go into effect November 1.

The hearing involves 202 transportation lines in western trunk line, Trans-Missouri and Illinois freight committee territory, as well as the shipping interests.

According to President Miller, of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the larger lines will not urge poverty as necessitating rate advances. Mr. Miller said that business necessity and expediency, rather than "verge of bankruptcy" arguments will be made.

The shippers have been organized to fight the proposed schedule for some time. The campaign is being directed by a joint sub-committee of traffic experts, headed by F. B. Montgomery, of Chicago, and including W. P. Trickett, of Minneapolis; H. C. Barlow, Chicago; E. E. Williamson, Cincinnati; H. G. Wilson, Kansas City; J. C. Lincoln, St. Louis, and E. J. McVann, of Omaha.

The shippers claim that the railroads have padded records of their operating expenses in order to make it appear that an advance in freight tariffs is demanded by comomn justice to investors in their securities.

Pleads Small Earnings.

E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fe system, was the first witness. It was nearly noon when the examiners, G. N. Brown and C. R. Hillyear, called the session to order and adjourned until afternoon was taken shortly after Mr. Ripley began presenting his side of the case.

The witness declares that his road was not earning a proper percentage on the investment.

"Why," he exclaimed, "we were forced to sell an issue of bonds at an aggregate discount of $8,000,000."

"Should rates be increased so that improvements may be made direct from earnings?" asked Attorney Norton, who represents the Santa Fe.

"Yes; in part," was the answer. Witness said there were improvements which must be made but from which no increase in revenue can be expected, among these being track elevation and the construction of new passenger stations.

"To what extent would the proposed advances be reflected in the cost of living?"

"The amount of money involved is comparatively small. The advances affect only two classes of freight. So far as the ultimate consumer is concerned I think he would be a negligible quantity. There is not, I believe, a family in the country which would detect any difference in prices."

SAVES FRIEND, BUT DROWNS.

Expert Swimmer Goes Down Almost in Sight of Bank.

Windsor Locks, Conn., August 29.—After saving a companion from drowning, Bertrand Hollingworth, of Springfield, Mass., lost his life today. The young man, with George F. Swain and Joseph R. Swain, brothers, of Springfield, were in a power boat which was passing through the canal. Joseph Swain was knocked off the boat by an overhead bridge, and Hollingworth jumped in and rescued him. It is thought that Hollingworth's heart could not bear the strain, for suddenly he went down about 12 feet from shore in deep water. Hollingworth was a good swimmer. He was 19 years of age.

"TARLTON took his big double-barrel and advised me to take mine, as the sun had just set and it was likely to be close work; but I shook my head, for *the Winchester .405 is, at least for me personally, the 'Medicine Gun' for lions.*"

EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

WINCHESTER

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Winchester Guns and Ammunition, the Red **W** Brand, are not only the "medicine" for lions, but for everything that is hunted. They are made in all calibers from .22 to .50, suiting every purpose, every pocketbook and every taste. Winchester Guns and Ammunition are made in the same plant for each other and sold everywhere. For over forty years they have been

THE CHOICE OF SUCCESSFUL HUNTERS

CHOLERA CHECKED

Reports Show Fewer Cases and Shorter Death List in Southern Russia.

St. Petersburg, August 26.—A slight improvement in cholera conditions in South Russia is shown by the latest reports to the government sanitary bureau and to the Red Cross.

This is taken as a sign that the epidemic is now on the wane. Reports to the sanitary bureau for the week from August 14 to August 20 inclusive give 16,106 new cases and 7,743 deaths as compared with 23,944 cases and 10,723 deaths for the previous week, making a grand total of 121,091 cases and 58,030 deaths for this year's epidemic.

Professor Rein, at the head of the special sanitary commission dispatched to South Russia to combat the outbreak reports from Yekaterinoslav that the epidemic in the Donetz mining region in south Russia is on the decrease.

Right Methods Help.

At Yuzovka, the principal center of the district, there are only sporadic cases, and the same is true throughout the districts of Bakhmut and Slavyanoserbsk. The great improvement is due to the introduction of proper methods of medical aid.

The mine owners of south Russia, who recently declared that they would have to suspend operation on account of the flight of the workmen, and whose refusal to undertake contracts for the delivery of pig iron has embarrassed the iron industry in Russia, report that their workmen are beginning to return to the mines in considerable numbers. The proposal to reduce the duty on pig iron has had a particularly good effect in spurring on the mine owners to take measures to combat the exodus of the workmen.

TO GET LAWS THEY WANT

Senator Dolliver Tells What Next Congress Will Do for Constituents.

Aurora, Ill., Aug. 25.—Senator Dolliver of Iowa yesterday declared to an audience of 2,000 at the Aurora Chautauqua that the next congress "would have men who vote for laws that their communities sought, not what they got word to vote for from Rhode Island or Cincinnati."

"The next congress will see a group of men who will be elected for what they themselves represent and not what party. This group will vote for measures that they have promised their communities to vote for. They will not try to swindle the people they represent," said the speaker.

Says Congress Will Make Tariff.

Continuing he declared that the time has come, as the recent votes showed, when the public will have the tariff laws written in the halls of congress and not in the offices of the interests which will be benefited.

Roosevelt's influence, which he said meant the influence of the general public, is going to be felt more in the next congress than ever before, said the Iowa senator.

The rights of man are above those of property, Roosevelt says, and his doctrine is the big doctrine today," he asserted. "Many good laws have been passed in the last few years by congress, touching upon the welfare of the individual, but I am forced to admit they were passed because certain interests demanded them as an aid to business, not to the public's health."

Praises Pure Food Act.

The pure food act, the best piece of legislation a congress has put upon the statute books in years, said Dolliver—one that will mark an epoch in American history—was passed at the behest of selfish business interests. It was not that the cry of the man whose stomach was betrayed, was heard. It was the appeal of the flour manufacturer, the milk producers and others of their ilk.

The flour man found adulterators were selling white clay for flour and it hurt his business; the milk producer found that oleomargarine doctored with a coloring matter and a chemical to deceive the nose hurt his business. They went to congress. Congress was appalled at the frauds. The pure food act was passed unanimously and the consumers got the beenfit in the rebound, said the senator.

Senator Dolliver paid his respects to the muckraking magazines, but deprecated their seeming desire to spoil every good thought one might wish to cherish. Muckraking magazines have their uses. It is better to be a muckraking magazine writer than a muckraking politician, said Dolliver.

A WOMAN'S LOVE

And Sympathy For Her Own Sex Leads Her to Devote Her Life to Relieve Their Suffering

TREATMENT FREE FOR THE ASKING

Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, perhaps the most widely known lady physician in the world, now offers to you, sick and suffering sister, a FREE trial treatment, and the benefit of her long years of experience in scientifically treating diseases of women.

A suffering woman unconsciously proclaims her condition to all eyes. Her emaciation, her dull, heavy eyes, her sallow skin, the dark circles under her eyes, her repugnance for the joyous things of life, declare her loss of beauty and loveliness and publish the wreck of her womanhood.

If you are suffering, dear sister, let the doctor help you. It costs you nothing to try her home treatment—write today describing your case fully. "A valuable medical pamphlet FREE to every woman applying for the Free treatment."

Address Dr. LUELLA McKINLEY DERBYSHIRE, Box 559 Ft. Wayne, Ind.

CRIPPEN LOVES TYPIST

Inspector Dew in Court Tells of Doctor's Request to See Girl.

London, August 29.—Both Hawley H. Crippen, the American doctor, and Ethel Clara Leneve, his typist, were accused of the murder of Belle Elmore, the former's wife, in the formal charge read to them in the Bow street police court today.

Miss Leneve was charged also with harboring and maintaining Crippen after the crime and while knowing that he committed it.

During the proceedings, Inspector Dew, who brought the prisoners back from Canada, introduced evidence to show that Crippen contemplated suicide while at sea, following his flight from this country. Crippen was quoted also as declaring that his companion knew nothing of the trouble in which he was involved and Miss Leneve was said to have protested her innocence.

May Have More Evidence.

There was special interest in the character of the formal charge as the Canadian warrant for the arrest of the fugitives had merely laid at their door responsibility for the death of an unknown woman whose body was found in the cellar of the Crippen home at Hilldrop Crescent.

The fact that both were today accused of the murder of Belle Elmore, the actress wife of the doctor, leads to the supposition that the mutilated body has been identified to the satisfaction of the authorities. It also suggests that the police believe they have further evidence concerning Miss Leneve's connection with the tragedy than they have made known heretofore. Today's proceedings consisted of the introduction of evidence against the accused at the conclusion of which they were remanded, until September 6, without having pleaded or made any comment in reply to the charge against them.

Dew Describes Arrest.

Inspector Dew briefly described the arrests on board the steamer Montrose as the vessel approached Quebec. As he took Crippen into custody the latter said:

"I am not sorry. My anxiety has been too much."

Dew said that he told Crippen that he must put him in handcuffs, "As you have written that you intended jumping overboard."

To this Crippen replied:

"I will not do that. My anxiety has been too awful."

Explaining his suspicion that the fugitive had planned to commit suicide, the inspector exhibited to the court a business card, upon one side of which were the words: "P. Robinson & Co., Michigan. Represented by John E. Robinson." This card was found among Crippen's effects, and on the back of it, apparently in the doctor's handwriting, was the following:

"I cannot stand the horror I go through every night any longer, and, as I see nothing bright ahead and my journey is coming to an end, I have made up my mind to jump overboard tonight. I know I have spoiled your life, but some day you may learn to forgive me. My last words are of love."

Dew concluded his testimony by repeating a conversation which he had with Crippen while the latter was exercising on the deck of the steamer Magantic during the return to Liverpool, on August 24. Crippen said:

"I want to ask a favor of you, but I will leave it until Friday." Friday was the day preceding the arrival of the vessel at Liverpool.

The inspector replied:

"As well now as Friday."

Crippen then said:

"When you took me off the ship (at Quebec) I did not see Miss Leneve. I do not know how things will go. They may go all right; they may go all wrong. I may never see her again and I want to ask you to let me see her. I won't speak to her. She has been my only comfort for the last three years."

CLOTHES A CURE-ALL

New Styles Will Make Men Graceful, Too.

Chicago, Aug. 29.—Following closely on the hobble skirt for women comes an inovation in men's clothing that will been seen for the first time this fall.

The new thought originated in Chicago. It will mold the figure, and according to demonstrations made by its designers, will accomplish the following changes in the appearance of a man of ordinary build, without the aid of artificial means such as padding:

Make a slender man look athletic.

Reform the shape of a man who has a tendency toward rotundity of stomach.

Give a "chesty" appearance to a man who is never known to take physical exercise.

And that is not all. Here is a friendly tip to the corpulent man whose waist line makes it impossible for him to keep his trousers up with a belt: The new plan trousers stay up without the support of a belt or suspenders. Besides, they produce a tapering effect to the stomach that is as much a source of vanity in men as in women, only they don't say quite so much about it. It is also said of the clothes that they are aids to health.

Wearer Swells Out at Chest.

Some describe the new clothes as the reformation of a man's form in that the trousers cause the wearer to swell out his chest and walk more erect. In time this becomes a habit, and he will be in reality what he only seems to be—a chesty man.

The secret of the new style's power to change the wearer's shape lies in its design. The trousers are made to fit closely around the waist just above the hips, but not in such a manner as to produce the feeling of tightness that comes from wearing a corset.

The trousers for the basis of the reform in clothes. The vest also is designed to bring out the chest more strongly and give a taper to the waist. The same scheme is followed in the construction of the coat, which is cut away at the skirt and in some of the models is slightly longer thon last year's models for fall and winter. Size 34 in trousers would be 32 at the waist, but in other respects the same as a 34 in size.

CHEYENNE GREETS T. R.

Crowds Come Far to Listen to Former Ranger and Deputy Sheriff.

Cheyenne, Wyo., August 27.—Wyoming today extended to Col. Theodore Roosevelt the first of the series of demonstrations planned for him in the far west.

From all over the state came men and women to join in welcoming the colonel back to the country with which he became acquainted over a quarter of a century ago.

Many events, in which the old and the new life of the western land were prominent, were planned for his entertainment.

Col. Roosevelt arose early today and when approaching Cheyenne sat on the rear platform of his private car viewing the long stretches of cattle ranges. At the station to meet

THE 1,500 COW PUNCHERS.

Cheyenne, August 27.—With their band playing Auld Lang Syne, 1,500 cow punchers, each on his best mount and headed by the best Rough Riders of the world, flashed by the stand in a gallop with waving hats and shrill cowboy yells of greeting. This was the feature of the parade.

him were Governor B. B. Brooks, Senator Warren, of Wyoming, Senator Borah, of Idaho, one of the insurgent senators, who have been in close touch with Col. Roosevelt and men prominent in the political affairs of the state.

Cavalry Drawn Up.

Drawn up in front of the station as an escort of honor was the Ninth cavalry, U. S. A., the negro regiment which co-operated with the rough riders at Santiago.

The parade through the streets of Cheyenne, headed by Col. Roosevelt in an automobile, began the day of festivities. Everywhere there were crowds of men, women and children, cowboys and cowgirls on horseback, and straying Sioux Indians awaiting to see the visitor. He responded with cordiality to the greetings of the throng as he passed along.

Reaching the reviewing stand erected for the occasion in the center of the city, Col. Roosevelt reviewed the troops, the detachment of cowboys and cowgirls, a remnant of the Sioux and the various organizations.

Severe criticism of Roosevelt by a New York newspaper (the Evening Post) brought forth a spirited reply from him today. He learned that he had been criticised for some of the speeches which he has been making on his western trip, particularly for the remarks concerning corporations in his Buffalo speech.

"It is just the kind of an attack I expected," he said, "just as soon as a practical effort for cleanliness and decency in New York politics was made."

PELLAGRA VICTIM AT CAPITAL

Woman Was Thought to Have Skin Disease.

Washington, August 30. — Pellagra claimed its first victim in this city yesterday in the person of Mrs. A. Sallie Graham, 35 years old, of Warrenton, Va.

Mrs. Graham was brought to the Georgetown hospital here from her Virginia home two weeks ago, supposedly suffering from skin trouble. Examination, however, showed that she had pellagra.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Railway mail clerks, clerks at Washington, D. C., city carriers and postoffice clerks; high salaries; annual vacations; steady work; common education sufficient; September examinations everywhere; preparation free. Write immediately for schedule showing dates and places. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 32, Rochester, N. Y.

FREE Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birth date gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

18 COLORED Post Cards with catalog, 10 cents. R. H. Kimball, Goff's Falls, N. H.

We Pay Your Fare Both Ways to Florida. If you buy Celery Farms property—ten acres—you get your railroad fare both ways. We have 80,000 acres in the finest section of Florida, a place where one crop of potatoes in 90 days will pay for the land and put money in the bank. Rail and river transportation, the best market, the earliest market, where the owners of the Colony help every man to success. We want 1,000 families in the next 60 days and make concessions that will bring them. Don't wait to write tomorrow—DO IT NOW! Florida Homeland Co., 511 Atlantic National Bank Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla.

Constipation—

Nearly Every One Gets It

The bowels show first sign of things going wrong. A *Cascaret* taken every night as needed keeps the bowels working naturally without grip, gripe and that upset sick feeling.

Ten cent box, week's treatment. All drug stores. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

PATTEN MUM ON CROPS

Chicago Millionaire Is Back From Europe.

New York, August 29. — James A. Patten, who returned to New York yesterday on the steamship Adriatic, refused absolutely to discuss conditions abroad or talk business in any way. Mr. Patten was not in a good humor when he first was approached by interviewers. His displeasure was caused by a wireless report to the Adriatic to the effect he had ordered his seat on the New York stock exchange to be sold by wireless dispatch from that steamer.

"It's a sensation made out of nothing," said Mr. Patten. "The facts in the case are that long before I left America I had ordered my seat on the stock exchange to be sold when the price for a seat exceeded $70,000. They merely followed my instructions, and the only wireless report in which I figured was a message received on board telling me my instructions had been carried out. That's all there is to it."

Silent on Crop Conditions.

Mr. Patten said he had not observed the condition of the French crops and could make no prophecy as to conditions in this country. He said he had been criticised for some of the speeches which he has been making on his western trip, particularly for the remarks concerning corporations in his Buffalo speech.

"It seems difficult nowadays," he said, "to get good men for public office. A man to be fit for office must be a hand shaker and able to buy beer."

Mr. Patten asked regarding the clash in Republican ranks, and was particularly anxious to find out whether the differences between Col. Roosevelt and Republican leaders was serious.

Foils Card Sharpers' Plot.

Mr. Patten did not know for a time he had been marked as a victim for card sharpers on the trip over. A gang of a half a dozen of them boarded the Adriatic with the purpose of getting Mr. Patten into a game and plucking him. They supposed because Mr. Patten is a board of trade member he is an all round sport, and did not know that he is a deacon in the church.

For the first three days out from Liverpool the card sharks hung around Mr. Patten like leeches. Then, seeing he was not to be caught, they turned their attention to other passengers, but the warning had been sounded by the officers of the ship.

Dr. Rainey Gives You A $1.00 Bottle of His Vitality Tablets FREE

The Best Remedy Known for Stomach, Blood, Nerves, Heart, Catarrh, Thinness, Debility, etc.

Dr. Rainey says: "I consider this improved formula my greatest achievement. I believe it will cure more quickly the diseases and weaknesses mentioned below than any medicine I have ever put upon the market heretofore."

STOMACH TROUBLES—Have you Stomach Pain, Belching, Lost Appetite, Bad Taste or Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Bloating, Gas, Spitting of Mucus, Gnawing, Empty Feeling, Lump in Stomach, Food Disagrees, Pain Before or After Eating, Coated Tongue, Sore Mouth, Indigestion? Then you need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets, and at once. They will relieve you quickly and permanently, improve appetite, digestion and general health.

THE BLOOD—Pimples, Blackheads, Sores, Blotches, Pale, Sallow Complexion, Lips Blue, Specific Blood Poison, Eczema, Malaria, Enlarged Joints or Glands, Chilly, Feverish, Run Down, Debilitated, Weak, Emaciated? You surely need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets. They restore strength and fibre to the blood, so it will furnish nourishment to the whole body.

THE NERVES—Nervous Debility, Weakness, Jerking, Jumping, Excitable, Tired, Worn Out, Feel Like Falling When Eyes Closed and Feet Together, Restless at Night, Poor Memory, Melancholy, Despondent, Wake Up Unrefreshed, Weak Trembles, Dizzy, Fainting Spells, Hands or Feet Numb, Neuralgia, Lack Energy, Strength, Ambition? You need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets. They restore nerve tissue to normal condition, steady the nerves, banish the blues, make you feel full of life, vigor, ambition, and many years younger.

HEART—Weakness, Skipping of Beats, Fluttering, Palpitation, Pain in Left Side, Pains Under Shoulder Blades, Shortness of Breath, Dizzy, Sinking Sensations, Cold Extremities, Swollen Feet, Throbbing or Hammering Sensation, Can't Lie on Right Side or Back, Rheumatism, Asthma? Get Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Accumulation of Mucus, Watery Discharge from Stomach, Spit up Slime, Nose Runs, Sneeze, Bad Odor, Dull Headache, Painful Kidneys, Irritable Bladder, Lungs or Over Entire Body, Slimy Discharge from Bowels? Get Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets at once! They remove the cause.

THINNESS—Under Weight, Hollow Cheeks, Flat Chest, Scrawny Neck, Dyspepsia, Thin Blood? Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets build you up in every way. Guaranteed to make you gain 5 to 25 lbs. Will greatly improve your appearance.

NO SECRET FORMULA—The days of secret preparations are numbered. We give the formula of my Vitality Tablets on each bottle. Nothing to hide.

DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS act directly through the stomach, enriching the blood, building up the nervous system; generate vitality, create nerve force, restore full strength and vigor, so you can enjoy life's pleasures to the fullest. Contain no habit-forming drugs. Guaranteed under U. S. Food & Drugs Law (Serial No. 21068.) I not only send you a Free Dollar Bottle of Vitality Tablets, which contains 120 tablets, but also a Free box of my laxatives, Improved Formula. I ask only that you send 10c, stamps or coin, to partially defray cost of postage and packing on the 3 medicines. Don't delay writing. Send today.

COUPON FOR FREE FULL $1.00 BOTTLE—Sign and Mail At Once!

Dr. James M. Rainey, (Inc.), Dept. 19, 152 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.: I enclose 10 cts. for postage and packing. Send at once by mail, in plain package, $1.00 bottle of DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS, IMPROVED FORMULA, also FREE BOX OF DR. RAINEY'S LAXATIVES, IMPROVED FORMULA, without cost or obligation to me. Also your FREE HEALTH BOOK.

NAME .

TAFT GIVES OUT KEYNOTE OF FIGHT

In Long Campaign Book Letter Recites Achievements of Administration

New York, August 29.—The letter of President Taft to William B. McKinley, chairman of the Republican congressional committee, was given out at Republican headquarters here yesterday.

In this letter, which is held to be the keynote of the coming campaign, the President calls the tariff an "honest effort to fulfill the party's pledge to the people." He favors further revision in individual schedules.

Mr. Taft also calls attention to the success of the corporation tax. The letter in part follows:

Beverly, Mass., August 26, 1910.

"My Dear Mr. McKinley:

"As the chairman of the national Republican congressional committee, you have asked me to give reasons which should lead the voters at the coming November election to cast their ballots for Republican candidates for congress.

"I assume that when this letter is given publicity the lines will be drawn, the party candidates will have been selected and the question for decision will be whether we shall have in the house of representatives a Republican or a Democratic majority. The question, then, will be not what complexion of Republicanism one prefers, but whether it is better for the country to have the Republican party control the legislation for the next two years and further redeem its promises, or to enable a Democratic majority in the house, either to interpose a veto to Republican measures, or to formulate and pass bills to carry Democratic principles.

"Prominence has been given, during the preliminary canvasses just ended to the differences between Republicans; but in the election such differences should be forgotten. Differences within the party were manifested in the two sessions of the present congress, and yet never in its history has the Republican party passed and become responsible for so much useful and progressive legislation. So while issues will doubtless arise between members of a Republican majority as to the details of further legislation, the party as a whole will show itself in the future as in the past, practical and patriotic in subordinating individual opinions in order to secure real progress.

"What, therefore, has a Republican who believes in protection, but objects to some rates or schedules in the present tariff act, to hope for from a Democratic majority, which, if allowed its way, would attack the protective system and halt business by a threatened revision of the whole tariff on a revenue basis, or if prevented by the senate or the executive, would merely do nothing?

"The tariff bill has been criticised for certain of its rates and schedules. Some of the criticisms are just, and some are wide of the mark and most unjust.

"The truth is that under the old protective idea the only purpose was to make the tariff high enough to protect the home industry. The excess of the tariff over the difference in the cost of production here and abroad was not regarded as objectionable, because it was supposed that competition between those who enjoyed the high protection would keep the price for the consumer down to what was reasonable for the manufacturer. The evil of excessive rates, however, showed itself in the temptation of manufacturers to combine and suppress competition, and then to maintain the prices so as to take advantage of the excess of the tariff rate over the difference between the cost of production abroad and here.

"The Payne tariff bill is the first bill passed by the Republican party in which the necessity for reducing rates to avoid this evil has been recognized, and it is therefore a decided step in the right direction, and it ought to be accepted as such. On the whole, it was a downward revision, particularly on articles of necessity and on raw materials.

"The charge that the present tariff is responsible for the increase in prices of necessities is demonstrably false, because the high prices, with very few exceptions, affect articles in the tariff upon which there is no increase in rates or in respect to which there was a substantial reduction.

"Perhaps more important than any one feature of the operative part of the tariff law is that section which enables the executive to appoint a tariff commission or board to secure the needed information for the proper amendment and perfection of the law. When the commission completes its work, either on the entire tariff or any of the schedules in respect to which issue has arisen, and the work of the commission shows that the present tariff is wrong and should be changed, I expect to bring the matter to the attention of the congress with a view to its amendment of the tariff in this particular. Of course, this will be impracticable unless congress itself shall adopt the parliamentary rule, as I hope it will, that a bill to amend one schedule of the tariff may not be subject to a motion to amend by adding changes in other schedules.

"It thus will be possible to take up a single schedule with respect to which it is probable that a great majority of each house will be unprejudiced, to admit the evidence and to reach a fair conclusion. For these reasons, it seems to me that all Republicans—progressive and radical—may well abide the situation with respect to the tariff until evidence now being accumulated shall justify changes in the rates.

"One great virtue in the new tariff law, including the corporation tax, is that, taken with the current effort of the administration to keep or reduce governmental expenditures, and to reform the methods of collecting the customs revenue, it has by its revenue-producing capacity turned a deficit in the ordinary operations of the government of $53,000,000 for the year ending June 30, 1909, to a surplus in the first full year of the law ending August 5, 1910, of $26,000,000.

"Again, the present law in its corporation tax imposes a new kind of tax which has many of the merits of an income tax. It is one of the most useful and important changes in our revenues, as the future will show. In spite of the criticisms heaped upon it NO QUA[illegible] Dear [illegible]sage, no party responsible for [illegible] or anxious to retain every [illegible] of legitimate supervision of corporations, will repeal it.

"The Republican party at the last session of congress again exhibited its deep and sincere interest in the general welfare of the working men and women of the country by adding important enactments to its already long record of legislation on this subject."

"One of the great questions which has been made a national issue and aroused public interest through the insistence of President Roosevelt is that of conservation of our national resources.

"There remains to be considered and settled the question of the method of the disposing of public lands, so that the government may retain sufficient control to prevent a monopoly in their use and to secure the public against extortion for coal, oil, gas, phosphate or water power on the one hand, and yet may give to private capital sufficient inducement to bring about a normal development of the wealth contained in these lands to aid in the building up of the country."

Improvement of waterways is declared to be a subject of pressing importance.

Statehood for New Mexico and Arizona, and publicity of campaign funds, are also mentioned as pledges redeemed.

The President refers to the appropriation made to investigate methods to reduce government expenses and says:

"I am confident that if full opportunity is given, and a Republican congress is elected to assist, the cutting down of the national expenditures by the adoption of modern, economic methods in doing the business of the government will reach to a point of saving many millions."

As to future legislation, the President says a number of promises remain to be kept. He alludes to the provision to regulate the issue of stocks and bonds by interstate railways, to which he says the Democratic majority in the senate gave its solid opposition on the ground that the central government has no constitutional power to make and enforce such regulations.

"In addition," he continued, "there is the promised procedure to determine how preliminary injunction shall issue without notice and when. In substitution for this the Democratic platform proposes an amendment to the existing law which would create a privileged class of lawless workmen and would seriously impair the power of the courts of equity to do justice.

Then there is the measure to promote the merchant marine engaged in foreign service, to which in previous congresses the Democratic party has always opposed an almost solid front.

There is the measure forbidding the acquisition of stocks by one railway in a competing line, and there are also those bills, already referred to, to secure further safety appliances on railways and to establish a basis for workmen's compensation.

"In view of what the present Republican congres has done in the fulfillment of its promises, and in view of the standard that it has set in respect to the sacredness of the party pledges, I have no hesitation in urging all who are in favor of the performance of the remaining pledges, who are in favor of progress, in favor of practical conservation, in favor of economy of government, in favor of the just relation of railways and of interstate commerce corporations, in favor of a bureau of health, in favor of a proper limitation of the power of equitable injunction, and who are in favor of measures to promote the merchant marine engaged in foreign service, to vote for the Republican candidates for congress in order that their wish for all this progressive legislation may be gratified.

"In closing, it may not be inappropriate for me to invite your attention, and that of all those engaged in advocating the Republican cause in the coming election, to the fact that it is of the utmost importance to make this a campaign of education as to facts, and to clear away the clouds of misrepresentation that have obscured the real issues. Sincerely yours,

"WILLIAM H. TAFT.

"Hon. William B. McKinley, chairman
Republican congressional committee,
1133 Broadway, New York City."

CUDAHY KNOT IS UNTIED

Wife of Packer Given Divorce in 10 Minutes.

Kansas City, August 24.—Upon her plea of incompatibility of temper, supported by the testimony of her maid, Mrs. Jack Cudahy yesterday afternoon was awarded a divorce from the son of the millionaire Chicago packer. The court proceedings lasted just ten minutes. Few people in the court knew that one of the most sensational domestic scandals in the social set of this city had reached its climax. No reference was made to the affair at the Cudahy home of several months ago, when Jack Cudahy with a knife slashed Jere S. Lillis, a banker.

At 4:30 yesterday afternoon Mrs. Cudahy appeared at the court house, accompanied by her attorney, William H. Cowherd, and her maid. By previous agreement between the seven judges of the circuit court the case had been made a special order. Mrs. Cudahy went at once to the stand.

Mrs. Cudahy wore two veils and her features could hardly be distinguished through them. She walked lightly to the stand and her voice showed no emotion as she answered the questions. The marriage in Omaha was in 1899, she said. She testified that she had three girls and one boy. Mr. Cudahy, the wife said, was not living with her and had refused to speak to her or to visit her. Mrs. Cudahy's tones as she testified were full and round and her enunciation perfect.

"You have always been a dutiful wife?" Mr. Cowherd asked her.

"I have," was the reply, in a low voice.

"Did your husband ever use abusive language toward you?"

"Yes, often vile."

"Did he ever speak so to you in the presence of others?"

"Yes."

"In the presence of your children?"

"Yes."

"Did he ever behave in a violent manner toward you?"

"Frequently."

When Mrs. Cudahy had finished the testimony her husband's attorneys said they had no wish to cross-examine her. The maid testified that she had lived at the Cudahy home and had never seen Mrs. Cudahy depart herself in any but an orderly way.

VIRGINIA FARMS

N&W Ry

$10 AND UP PER ACRE

You can buy fertile farms with timber, fruit and water for $10.00 per acre and up. Splendid country for fruit growing, dairying, stock raising and general farming. Fine climate. COME TO SUNNY VIRGINIA convenient markets, good neighbors. Full information and valuable booklet upon request. Write for it now.

F. H. LaBaume, Agr. & Ind. Agt., N. & W. Ry., Dept. D 10 Roanoke, Va.

TAFT WANTS FURTHER PROGRESS

A number of other promises remain to be kept. I have already alluded to the provisions to regulate the issue of stocks and bonds by interstate commerce railways, to which the Democratic minority in the senate gave its solid opposition on the ground that the central government has no constitutional power to make and enforce such regulation. In addition, there is the promised procedure to determine how preliminary injunction shall issue without notice, and when. In substitution for this the Democratic platform proposes an amendment to the existing law which would create a privileged class of lawless workmen and would seriously impair the power of the courts of equity to do justice.

Then there is the measure to promote the merchant marine engaged in foreign service, to which in previous congresses the Democratic party has always opposed an almost solid front. There is the measure forbidding the acquisition of stocks by one railway company in a competing line, and there are also those bills, already referred to, to secure further safety appliances on railways and to establish a basis for workmen's compensation.

There is also the promise of the Republican platform to make better provision for securing the health of the nation. The most tangible and useful form that this can take would be the establishment of a national bureau of health to include all the health agencies of the government now distributed in different departments. WILLIAM H. TAFT.

POLITICS IN BUSINESS

Henry Clews Says Issues Create Uncertainty.

New York, August 29.—The events of the past week were not of a particularly stimulating character. The most important check to a further rise in values was the practical opening of the political campaign on issues which inevitably excite more or less uncertainty in business circles.

It is now settled that the tariff will be one of the leading issues in the coming campaign. It is doubtful if any important changes in schedules will be effected, but the disturbance which tariff agitation always induces necessarily checks initiative and postpones many new commitments. It is questionable, however, if in the long run the aggregate volume of business will suffer thereby, for changes in the tariff delay or derange rather than destroy business. There is also some prospect of a revival of anti-corporation agitation; and, as the political campaign will be waged with increasing intensity during the next two months, it would cause no surprise if the result was a temporary disturbance of stock exchange values.

Aside from politics, the situation is somewhat conflicting. The process of readjustment in industrial and commercial affairs is making steady progress, and, though not by any means completed, the general situation can be accepted as safer and sounder in consequence of the rectification already accomplished. It is hardly to be expected that the derangements following so many years of uninterrupted prosperity can be satisfactorily adjusted in the short space of seven months. Nevertheless, the country is making excellent progress, not only in recovering its equilibrium, but in actual recuperation. Fortunately our crop outlook is better than a month ago. Corn has been making steady progress during the past week, and the outlook for a 3,000,000,000 bushel crop is fairly reasonable, if damage by frost be escaped.

Cotton is also doing well and should, if free from frost, turn out larger than at one time anticipated. It will be remembered that wheat his already disappointed the pessimistic predictions of July. There is, therefore, now little or no danger of crop failures and the country is almost assured of securing a fairly satisfactory harvest. Although prices are frequently lower than a year ago, they yield good profits to farmers. This probably explains the continued optimistic reports which come from the west, that section having steadily refused to seriously sympathize with the pessimism which has spread all through the east. The further west one goes the more optimistic is the temper.

WHEAT CROP SURPRISES

Canadian Provinces Yielding Heavier Than Expected.

Movement of winter wheat has subsided somewhat, but our advices from the southwest indicate that this is only temporary and that as soon as farmers finish fall plowing there will be another free movement of winter wheat to primary markets, says Finley Barrel & Co. Northern Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska wheat has still to move to market. There is a fair domestic flour trade, but no export, although on an export basis. Financial and banking interests southwest are forcing free marketing by withholding financial assistance to farmers.

Conditions have been satisfactory throughout the spring wheat belt with the exception that some scattered rainfalls were noted early in the week, the weather clearing and cold toward the latter part of the week, which is favorable for crop this side of the border. Freezing temperatures were reported in the Canadian northwest early in the week and again on the 25th inst. According to our advices, however, the crop is beyond danger of frost damage except in the matter of quality. Threshing has commenced in the southern provinces and Mr. Kinyon finds that threshing returns in North Dakota indicate that Mr. Le Count's figures on that state will probably be correct. He finds that yields in the sections of the Canadian northwest will exceed early estimates. He has not covered enough of territory so far to permit of an estimate as to the probable per cent of increase, but will report on that this week. An early and free movement of spring wheat this side of the border is looked for. Milling demand only fair.

Weather conditions during the early part of the week have been favorable through the corn belt. Our Le Count in the northwest, Missouri, eastern Nebraska and western Iowa finds corn conditions promising, but crop three weeks late. Frost before September 25 would inflict large damage. Mr. Howard in Iowa, finds conditions in the vicinity of Webster City the best in many years, but crop late and early frost feared. On the 25th inst. a cold wave overspread the belt with frosts from light to heavy, reported in Nebraska, Kansas, South Dakota and Minnesota. The damage inflicted was slight, but emphasizes the statements made recently in these reports, that the crop needs until October 1 without frost to permit maturing. Any frost before that date will reduce yields greatly.

DYING MAN WHISTLES

Spares Aged Mother Knowledge of His Mortal Wound.

New York, August 30.—To spare his aged mother the shock of seeing him totter mortally wounded into the house Patrick Rahll, a Brooklyn butcher, today put the last vestige of strength left him into the refrain of a popular song, which he bravely whistled as he passed through the room which she occupied. As he reached an adjoining room he fell unconscious.

Rahll and two companions were seen a few moments earlier fighting in front of his home. An examination showed that he had received four knife wounds. He died without revealing the identity of his assailants.

HEN FEED YIELDS $800 PEARL

Wisconsin Woman Finds Gem in Clam Shell in Chicken Yard.

Jefferson, Wis., August 29.—A new field for the pearl hunter has been discovered—the chicken yard. While feeding clams to her chickens a Jefferson woman happened to pick up one of the shells she had thrown away. In it she found a pearl which she subsequently sold for $800. The pearl-bearing clam had been taken from the river here.

DOGFISH MANGLE A SWIMMER

Man Dives Off Boat and Is Attacked by Finny Savages.

Bangor, Me., August 30.—Fred H. Malloy, of New York, is under treatment here for severe lacerated wounds received in an attack by dogfish.

Malloy and John Wallace, also of New York, have been cruising in their motorboat Conqueror along the Maine coast.

Diving off the boat while two miles off Islesboro, Malloy was surrounded by dogfish. His cries attracted Wallace, who put out after him and brought him ashore, bleeding freely and nearly exhausted from his battle with the fish.

ROOSEVELT HITS SUPREME COURT

Declares Two of Its Decisions Were Against Principles of Democracy.

Denver, Colo., August 30.—Acts of the supreme court of the United States were severely criticised by Theodore Roosevelt yesterday in an address in the state capitol here before Colorado legislature.

The former President cited two decisions by the supreme court, which, he declared, were contrary to the principles of democracy and said emphatically that if those decisions indicated the permanent attitude of the court the entire American system of popular government would be upset.

Colonel Roosevelt's speech before the legislature was one of five that he delivered in Denver yesterday. Everywhere he went he was greeted by cheering multitudes. The auditorium in which he delivered his speech on conservation holds 15,000 people and yet it was large enough to seat only a part of the throng that sought admission.

In addition to his remarks censuring the supreme court, Colonel Roosevelt denounced dishonest legislators and demagogues in his speech before the legislature.

Gets Up Early.

Despite his strenuous day he was up bright and early this morning, the special train bearing him to Osawatomie, Kan., being due to leave here at 7:45 this morning.

The trip to Osawatomie, which will be reached at 9:35 o'clock tomorrow morning, will be broken by an hour's stop at Pueblo, Colo., where Mr. Roosevelt will lay the cornerstone of the Young Men's Christian association building.

Notwithstanding the shortness of the visit of the former president, Pueblo, the second city in the state in point of population, has made elaborate preparations to greet Mr. Roosevelt, who will reach the city at 11:30 a. m.

At Osawatomie Mr. Roosevelt will dedicate as a state park the battle ground on the outskirts of the town, where, in 1856, John Brown stood off a band of pro-slavery guerillas.

In his speech on conservation, in Denver, yesterday, Colonel Roosevelt said in part:

"Conservation does not mean non-use or non-development. It does not mean the tying up of the national resources of the states. It means the utilization of those resources under such regulation and control as will prevent waste, extravagance and monopoly, but at the same time not merely to permit but to encourage such use and development as will serve the interest of the people generally."

Signs of Awakening.

"This country has shown definite signs of waking up to the absolute necessity of handling its natural resources with foresight and common sense. The conservation question has three sides. In the first place the needless waste of the natural resources must be stopped. It is rapidly becoming a well-settled policy of this people that we of this generation hold the land in part for the next generation, and not exclusively for our own selfish enjoyment. Just as the farmer is a good citizen if he leaves his farm improved and not impaired for his children, and a bad citizen if he skins the land in his own selfish interest, so the nation behaves well if it treats the natural resources as assets which it must turn over to the next generation increased and not impaired in value, and behaves badly if it leaves the land poorer to those who come after us.

"In the second place the natural resources must be developed promptly, completely and in orderly fashion. It is not conservation to leave the natural resources undeveloped. Development is an indispensable part of the conservation plan. The forests, the mines, the water powers and the land itself must all be put to use. Those who assert that conservation proposes to tie them up, depriving this generation of their benefits in order to hand them on untouched to the next, miss the whole point of the conservation idea. Conservation does not mean depriving the men of today of their natural rights in the natural resources of the land. All it means is that we of this generation shall so use our rights as not to deprive those who come after us of their natural rights in their turn.

Must Not Be Exploited.

"In the third place, so far as possible these resources must be kept for the whole people and not handed over for exploitation to single individuals. We do not intend to discourage individual enterprise by unwisely diminishing the reward for that enterprise. On the contrary, we believe that the men of exceptional abilities should have exceptional rewards up to a point where the reward becomes disproportionate to the service, up to the point where the abilities are used to the detriment of the people as a whole. We are for the liberty of the individual up to and not beyond the point where it becomes inconsistent with the welfare of the community. Thus our consistent aim is to favor the actual settler—the man who takes as much of the public domain as he himself can cultivate, and there makes a permanent home for his children who come after him, but we are against the man, no matter what his ability, who tries to monopolize large masses of public land.

State and Federal Control.

"Now, to preserve the general welfare, to see to it that the rights of the public are protected, and the liberty of the individual secured and encouraged as long as consistent with his welfare and curbed when it becomes inconsistent therewith, it is necessary to invoke the aid of the government. There are points in which this governmental aid can best be rendered by the states, that is, where the exercise of states' rights helps to secure popular rights, and as to these I believe in states' rights. But there are large classes of cases where only the authority of the national government will secure the rights of the people, and where this is the case I am a convinced and a thoroughgoing believer in the rights of the national government. Big business, for instance, is no longer an affair of any one state; big business has become nationalized, and the only effective way of controlling and directing it and preventing abuses in connection with it is by having the people nationalize this control in order to prevent their being exploited by the individuals who have nationalized the business. All commerce on a scale sufficiently large to warrant any control over it by the government is nowadays interstate or foreign commerce, and until this fact is heartily acknowledged and acted upon by both courts and legislative bodies, national and state alike, the interest of the people will suffer.

"In the matter of conservation I heartily approve of state action where under our form of government the state only has the power to act.

"I have been genuinely amused during the past two months at having arguments presented to me on behalf of certain rich men from New York and Ohio, for instance, as to why Colorado and other Rocky Mountain states should manage their own water power sites.

Legislation Unwise.

"During the last session of congress bills were introduced to transfer the water power sites in the national forests and the public domain to the control of the states. I cannot state too strongly my belief that these measures are unwise and that it would be disastrous to enact them into law. In substance their effect would be to free these great special interests from all effective control. The passage of such a bill would be a victory of the special interests over the general welfare, and a long backward step down the hill of progress we have of late been climbing.

"The same principle applies with peculiar force to the coal lands, and especially to the coal lands in Alaska, whose protection and ownership by the federal government is so necessary, both for full and free industrial development in the west, and for the needs of our fleet in the Pacific. The coal mines should be leased, not sold, and those who mine the coal should pay back a part of the profit to the people. It is the right and duty of the people to demand the most vigilant trusteeship on that part of that branch of the federal government in charge of the fuel resources of the United States.

"Remember, also, that many of the men who protest loudly against effective national action would be the first to turn round and protest against state action if such action in its turn became effective, and would then turn hesitatingly invoke the law to show that the state had no constitutional power to act.

The Open Range.

"I do not believe that a single acre of our public lands should hereafter pass into private ownership except for the single purpose of homestead settlement, and I know that the stockmen stand with me in their desire to remove every obstacle from the path of the genuine homesteader, and to put every possible obstacle in the pathway of the man who tries to get public lands by misrepresentation or fraud. This is absolutely necessary on the agricultural lands. It is at least equally necessary on the mineral lands. It would be a calamity, whose baleful effect on the average citizen we can scarcely exaggerate, if the great stores of coal and other mineral fuels still owned by the people in Alaska and elsewhere should pass into the unregulated ownership of monopolistic corporations.

Much of the opposition to the forest service, like much of the opposition to conservation, takes the form of direct misrepresentation. For example, the cry is often heard that the national forests enclose great areas of agricultural land which are thus put beyond the reach of settlement. This statement seems plausible only till the facts are known. In the first place, congress has specially provided that whatever agricultural land there may be in any national forest shall be open, under proper safeguards, to homestead settlement. And in the second place, when the opponents of conservation are asked to point out the great stretches of enclosed agricultural land on the ground and in the presence of experts, instead of in speeches in a hall, they fail.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS IN DENVER SPEECH.

"These resources must be kept for the whole people and not be handed over for the exploitation of individuals.

"We are against the man, no matter what his ability, who tries to monopolize large masses of public land.

"There are large classes of cases where only the authority of the national government will secure the rights of the people, and where this is the case I am a thoroughgoing believer in the rights of the national government.

"We should make it our duty to see that power sites are kept under the control of the national government for the use of the people as a whole.

"I have been genuinely amused during the past two months at having arguments presented to me on behalf of certain rich men from New York and Ohio, for instance, as to why Colorado and other Rocky Mountain states should manage their own water power sites.

"Much of the opposition to the forest service takes the form of direct misrepresentation."

DENY SENATOR DAVIS IS ILL

Relatives Say That He Only Sprained His Ankle.

Elkins, W. Va., Aug. 30.—Reports to the effect that Henry G. Davis, former United States senator, is ill at his home in this city were vigorously denied here today. Mr. Davis was injured slightly one month ago when he turned his ankle in stepping from his porch. Saturday he was on the streets of Elkins transacting business as usual. No relatives have been summoned as reported nor is Mr. Davis confined to his bed.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men---FREE

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man, who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3268 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

EATS BATH TABLETS—MAY DIE

Polish Girl's Curiosity at American Woman's Toilet Has Sad End.

Pittsburg, August 30.—Mary Rojesvsky, a Polish girl employed by a wealthy East End family, is dangerously ill, the result of eating bath tablets. Mary has been in America but a few months, and in that time has been solving the intricacies of the American's woman's toilet.

Saturday she purchased some bath perfume tablets and before retiring at night she stepped into the bath tub and then swallowed two of the tablets. Several hours later the family hurriedly called a physician for the girl, who may die.

WILLIAM SCHOOLER HURT

Washington C. H., August 30.—William Schooler, a newspaper man, formerly of Lakeside, and Nathan Wilcox, of Jeffersonville, were driving yesterday when their horse scared at an auto and upset the buggy, breaking and dislocating Schooler's right ankle and badly bruising Wilcox.

GIVES PARTY AT HIS OWN FUNERAL

Eccentric Greene Co. Man Holds Fine Reception in Cemetery.

Springfield, August 30.—An old man, with clothes stained by toil and with hands gnarled and hard from years of labor, stood yesterday at the little gate of the Grape Grove cemetery and welcomed 500 persons to his own funeral.

"I'm glad to see you—mighty glad," was his greeting to each newcomer as he extended his hand. "Come right in to the cemetery and in a few minutes we'll all go over to the grave."

Days ago Francis Marion Buffenbarger—he who stood at the graveyard entrance—issued invitations to his funeral. Cards announcing the event were sent to every person living within a radius of 10 miles from Grape Grove. That only 500 attended yesterday was due solely to the fact that Grape Grove, in the northeastern part of Greene county, has no railroad and that Grape Grove neighbors sometimes live miles apart.

It was early in the morning that the first of Buffenbarger's guests arrived. Some walked, some drove. By afternoon, the party had assembled and Buffenbarger had opened his obsequies. First, the entire assembly, headed by the corpse, walked from the cemetery gate to the Buffenbarger grave—the shallow excavation whose digging Buffenbarger himself had superintended.

Preaches His Funeral Sermon.

The grave viewed and the proper praise bestowed Buffenbarger led the procession to a grove beside the road and opposite the cemetery. There Buffenbarger discarded his blouse, spotted with daubs of yellow paint, and donned a coat of rusty black. Then he mounted a platform which he himself had builded and made a speech. In a way, the speech was Buffenbarger's own funeral sermon for when he dies no sermon will be preached.

"Be good and be ready to die," he counseled. "Even as I have prepared for death, so should you. But I want to warn you. Beware of sudden death. Beware of automobiles and every other invention of the devil."

After Henry Dorn and Dean McCallap had made brief addresses, Buffenbarger cast aside all aspect of solemnity.

"The funeral's over—now let's have some fun," he said. From a farm wagon Buffenbarger produced innumerable cakes and pies, which he had asked farmers' wives to bake for the occasion. He passed candy to the children and cigars to the men. For each little girl he had a white handkerchief. And he had a joke for everybody. To all his guests he extended an invitation to come to the "real" funeral, telling them that it will be a home made affair, "just like this, with no undertaker around to make folks feel bad."

After the crowd dispersed late in the afternoon, the old man went back to his grave. He filled it in and worked till dark carefully to mound it up.

He's Proud of His Grave.

"Nice, ain't it?" he questioned again. "Township trustees sold me the finest lot in the whole cemetery. Right out in front, too. Ain't nobody goin' to get no nearer the road than me' is there? Been workin' on it, quiet like, since last May. Trustees kept it still for me and I've been collectin' my material all summer. Began to get it in here 'long in July, and they began t ask me about it.

"Costin' me some money, too, but that's all right. Payin' spot cash for everything. Boys'll have their money for diggin' the grave soon. What do you think of that slab, now? Ought to hold tht old man down when they plant him, eh? Ho, ho! Paid $6.75 for that slab made out of cement, no wear out to it. Them brick I got from the Ackley house in Charleston when it burned down early in the summer. The stones didn't cost me a cent, got 'em from the quarry. But here's the tombstones, now ain't them beauties? Paid 35 cents apiece for 'em in New Hampshire, O., where I got relatives. Mighty nice, ain't they?"

Then he carfully lifted a long inverted box.

Here's what I'm going to have on top of the grave."

And he disclosed a row of flower pots filled with irregularly shaped stones of bright colors and many sparkling with quartz particles.

"Pretty, ain't they? Stones in winter when there ain't no flowers in summer when I can get 'em. My own idea."

The people around Grape Grove say that when "Buff" gets his grave all ready, everything complete, he will commit suicide; that is, some of them do, but those who know him best declare that it will give him a new lease on life and give him something to be interested in.

MUST PAY OWN BILLS

Forest Service Employes Will Not Have Hospital Bills Paid by U. S.

Washington, August 30.—Forty employes of the forest service are in hospitals, as a result of injuries received in fighting forest fires in the northwest. Many are dead and some have been blinded totally in their endeavors to check the spread of the flames.

This information was received by the forest service of the department of agriculture yesterday from the deputy forester at Missoula, Mont. He asked whether under the law the government could pay the hospital expenses of the injured men. He was informed that this could not be done. Under an order issued by Secretary Wilson, of the department of agriculture, the forestry employes are entitled to medical supplies, but it was stated specifically that this should not include surgical attendance or hospital fees.

The question of caring for the men who have been injured has been taken under consideration by Acting Secretary Hayes, of the department of agriculture. But it is clear that past injuries cannot be provided for much to the regret of the department. It is possible, however, that injuries that may be sustained by forest fire fighters in the future may be taken care of by the government.

Not Much Good News.

Forestry officials took little encouragement from the reports from the northwest received at the bureau yesterday. Although a number of fires are said to be under control, the fact that they are still burning causes no little concern, as a repetition of last Saturday's hurricane might result in the flames breaking out anew. The weather bureau report, however, says that heavy rains are prevalent in the stricken district.

The fires in the Oregon, Crater and Umatilla forests in Oregon are still raging and are as yet beyond control, says E. A. Maizer, an official of the forest service, now at Portland. He reports that 2,000 temporary employes are engaged in fighting the flames in these forests, together with 250 United States troops and three companies of state militia.

The fires on the Colville Indian reservation in Washington are under control, according to a message received at the Indian bureau from Supt. Webster. He has notified the commanding general of the department of the Columbia that the troops, who were engaged in fire fighting on the reservation, are no longer needed.

HOLD YOUTHS AS MUTINEERS

Commissioner Imprisons Sailors Who plundered Ship.

Baltimore, Md., August 29.—The young Massachusetts sailors of the American whaling schooner Padro Varello, brought to Baltimore from the Azores Island under the charge of mutiny, were today held for the United States grand jury by United States Commissioner Bail was fixed at $1,000 each, and, being unable to furnish it, all were committed to jail. They are William D. Albert, F. W. Lillya, Charles Mitchell, Charles Turner and George White, charged with plundering and disabling the Varella in mid-ocean, compelling the vessel to make a port of repairs by which means the young men hoped to escape from their situation aboard ship, which they aver was intolerable.

WATER STARTS VESSEL FIRE.

Chatham, Mass., August 29.—The lime-laden schooner Ada Ames, bound from Rockland, Maine, for New York, opened her seams when she struck the Shovelful Shoal this afternoon, and although she worked free within a few moments, the water which leaked in slacked the lime, and the vessel caught fire. No signals of distress were displayed, but observers on shore could see the crew of the schooner preparing to abandon the craft. Captain Kelley and his crew of life savers from the Monomoy Point station put out in their life boats.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, August 30.—Quietude marked the wheat market at the outset. Cables were a little lower, but as far as domestic conditions were concerned nothing of interest was apparent. At Chicago buying and selling sentiment appeared about a stand-off. Liverpool was weak most of the morning. Toledo cash opened ⅛c down at $1.02⅝, September ⅛c lower at $1.02⅞c, December ⅜c higher at $1.07¼ and May ⅛c lower at $1.12. Practically no changes developed in the first hour save for a decline of ⅛c in December.

Lack of export demand was interpreted as the main cause of the continued decline. Cash closed unchanged at $1.02, September ⅜c off at $1.02⅝, December ⅜c lower at $1.06¼, May ⅞c down at $1.11¾.

Lower temperatures and fear of frost before maturity of the crop were chief bullish factors in corn. September started unchanged at 63c, December ½c at 59¼c and May ¼c advanced at 61¾c. There was a gain of ⅛c all around early in the session.

Final corn prices: Cash and September, 62½c; December, 59¼c; May, 61⅝c.

September oats opened unchanged at 35½c, December ⅛c up at 37⅜c and May ⅛c advanced at 41c. As with other grains, prices remained about unchanged early in the session.

Cash and September oats finished at 34¾c, December at 37½c and May at 40⅝c.

The advance in clover seed continued from yesterday, but there was a slightly easier feeling around 10 a. m. Cash opened 10c up at $9.15, October 5c higher at $8.92½, December 10c advanced at $8.95 and March 5c up at $9.00.

Continued buying forced prices still higher later in the day. Cash clover seed closed 40c up at $9.45 and the futures at $8.30. Timothy and alsike seed also closed higher.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug. 30	Close Aug. 29
Wheat—					
Cash	1.02⅝	1.02⅝	1.01⅝	1.02	1.02⅜
Sept	1.02⅞	1.03⅛	1.02⅛	1.02¼	1.03
Dec	1.07⅛	....	....	1.06¼	1.07
May	1.12	1.12⅛	....	1.11¼	1.12⅛
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	62½	63
Sept	63	63¼	....	62½	63
Dec	59¾	59⅝	....	59¼	59¼
May	61⅝	61⅞	....	61⅜	61⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	34⅜	35¼
Sept	35½	....	....	34⅜	35¼
Dec	37⅞	....	....	37½	37⅝
May	41	....	....	40⅝	40⅞
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.15	....	....	9.45	9.05
Oct	8.92½	....	....	9.30	8.87½
Dec	8.95	....	....	9.30	8.85
March	9.00	....	....	9.30	8.85
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	71	71
No. 3	....	....	....	67½	67½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	3.80	3.50
Aug	....	....	....	3.80	3.50
Sept	....	....	....	3.80	3.50
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.70	8.65
Aug	....	....	....	8.70	8.65
Oct	....	....	....	8.70	8.65

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept	99⅝	99⅞	99	99½	99⅝
Dec	1.04	1.04⅛	1.03⅛	1.03¼	1.04
May	1.08⅞	1.09⅜	1.08½	1.08⅝	1.09¼
Corn—					
Sept	60½	60⅜	....	59⅞	60⅛
Dec	57⅜	58⅜	57⅜	57⅝	57⅝
May	59⅞	60⅜	59⅞	60⅛	59⅞
Oats—					
Sept	33⅝	33⅝	....	33¼	33⅜
Dec	36⅞	36⅝	....	36⅛	36⅜
May	39½	39⅜	....	39⅜	39½

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.07	1.07⅛	....	1.06½	1.07⅛
Dec	1.11	....	....	1.10⅝	1.11

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	98⅛	98¼	....	97⅜	98¼
Dec	1.03	....	....	1.02¼	1.03

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	1.11	1.11¾
Dec	....	....	....	1.12⅞	1.13⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	1.12⅝	1